THE MAN OF NEWMARKET.

As it was Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

AUTHOR,

The Honourable

EDWARD HOWARD Esq.

Licensed,

April 13. 1678.

Ro. L'Estrange.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. C.* for *W. Crook*, at the Green Dragon without *Temple-bar*. 1678.

The Induction.

Enter Prologue *at one Door; and juſt as he addreſſes to ſpeak, enter* Shatteril *and* Haines *at t'other.*

Haines. BY your favour, Mr. *Prologue*, you muſt forbear.

Prologue. How forbear, mean you?

Haines. Or, which is much the ſame, withdraw ſpeechleſs; there may be conſiderations to induce your ſilence.

Shat. Or our Company may be otherwiſe emploi'd than to act this Play.

Haines. Obſerve this, Sir. [*Shews a Paper.*

Prol. A Prohibition indeed! the *Kings-bench* does iſſue none of ſuch Authority here: You may proceed as you pleaſe.

[*Exit* Prologue.

Haines. No leſs than a Liſt of two and twenty Wits, great and ſmall, caball'd againſt us?

Shat. O Heavens! and to ſpite ſo gentile a Mirth too, as might repreſent the acceptable diverſion of *Newmarket!* By the beſt Muſe now extant, I am apt to believe they would not allow their King neither ſo much true Comedy as to provoke his ſmile, (without their Licenſe) durſt they own ſo preſumptuous a Cenſure.

Haines. That were bold indeed: but no more of that, *Robbin.*

Shat. It needs not, ſince ſome ſpurious Monopolizers of Wit are too well known.

Haines. How, Monopolizers of Wit? by my beſt Mimickry, I could not have thought it before this day.

Shat. Yes, and by their wills would onely allow ſo many Writers by Retail, or Trade-Poets, though we Actors have paid dearly enough for ſome of the beſt of their Compoſitions.

Haines. Let me never utter proper ſence on the Stage more, if I know what definition can ſquare with theſe men of Pudder call'd Wits; or I ſuppoſe it at leaſt as hard as to deſcribe all the variety of Butter-flies the world abounds with.

Shat. I care not if I help thee; and next be it known to all (whoſe Pates are not over-diſcompos'd by the extravagant itch of their imaginary Brain-worms) that there are at this day in being, in ſpite of ingenuity and ſome good manners, a ſort of people call'd Wits and Sub-wits or Criticks, and Sub-criticks; and theſe again divided into Poets and Sub-poets, *&c.*

Haines. A ſeries indeed! but to paſs the reſt, prethee tell me what thou meaneſt by a Sub-wit, or Sub-poet.

Shat. Why, both or either of them make but in effect one common Zany to ſome Grand Wit-monger.

Haines. And ſo compleat their office by ſome allow'd Jeſt or Raillery, when their conceits are ſo happy as to come by it.

Shat. What elſe, man? allowing this difference, that the Sub-poet whenſoever he writes, he muſt refer his Papers (with ſome torment) to their inquiſition. After which perhaps, to ſpite a better Muſe, they may give his the applauſe of a favour'd bad one.

Haines. And had but this Poet a little collogu'd with this formidable Cabal, and next ſuffer'd his Wit to be cut, lin'd, and interlin'd at pleaſure, we might have perform'd his Play with ſome ſecurity. I could ſcratch my Pate to think it was omitted.

Shat. Alas for the Gentleman, he has otherwiſe ſatisfi'd himſelf, and is content we wave his Play, and act another.

Haines. Well remembred, and that ſhall be the Comedy, *alias* Farce, that has lately paſt the teſt of ſome notorious Town-wits: Thou know'ſt we are perfect in it already.

Shat. Nothing better.

Haines. Where thou ſhalt ſee me, *Jo. Haines*, ſo mimick French and Engliſh mixtures; thou know'ſt my Talent that way. Beſides, this fantaſtical dreſs will ſuit it to a wiſh.

And when that's over, we'll ſoon be provided of another. There

is

is a Poet, ſhall be nameleſs, that can ſcribble ſuch kinde of Mungril Intrigues almoſt as faſt as he can by plain ſpeech tell his five Fingers; whilſt others are more than ſix moneths knitting together their French and Engliſh Collections.

Shat. French and Engliſh mixtures, ſaiſt thou? the very expreſſion does irritate my Genius.

Haines. They are pretty ſlight taking things, thou know'ſt, and conſequently our intereſt.

Shat. That's confeſt; but to lay aſide Engliſh Wit for a Frenchifi'd Compoſition, well, ſince there's no remedy.

Haines. 'Tis time we began it.

Shat. I go with thee — or now I think better, I cannot — and next behold with me how many judicious honeſt Faces are in our eye.

Haines, What of them? give us rather thoſe are called the Save-poets of the Town.

Shat. Save-poets, Save-pedlers; I ſay once more in ſpite of all Gangs, give me ſuch National complexions as I now behold, Men, that in my Conſcience will no more conſent to betray true Engliſh Comedy, than they would give up *Calice* to the Monſieur, were it in their power. For their ſakes, I ſay peremptorily, our intended Play ſhall be acted. And mark me, *Jo. Haines*, be ſure thou play the Fool moſt egregiouſly; I ſuppoſe thou haſt a part to that purpoſe.

Haines. How, reſolute *Numps?* oblige me to be a Fool, and out of Farce too?

Shat. Yes, finical Mr. *Haines*, or elſe I'll ſtop your ſhare.

Haines. Saiſt thou ſo? give me thy hand; and know Gent. that to my beſt power I am to be this day a Comical Fool.

Enter Prologue.

Mr. *Prologue*, you may return, good Mr. *Prologue*.
Thus I'll preſume to introduce you. [*Takes him by the hand.*
And next, ſhift for the Poet and your ſelf as you can.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. CLARKE.

A Bold Induction, and, to tell you true,
'Twas fitted purpoſely for ſome of you.
And pity 'tis no medium men can finde,
In being here perpetually unkinde.
And thus with Wits and Poets runs the ſtrife,
'Tis thought may laſt at leaſt this Ages life.
Or like the long diſputes 'twixt France *and* Spain,
Beſides their Allies, and the wrong'd Lorain:
Not all know which with better ſence conteſt,
Though moſt the weaker ſide allow the beſt.
And thus they ſometimes rail, and ſometimes fight,
Until a juſter Power compoſe their might.
Such a Confederate we wiſh for here;
And though from Nimmegen *there none appear,*
Yet ſomething to comply you is deſign'd,
A Jeſt you'll ſay indeed to make you kind.
But 'tis no matter--- or yet ſtay a while,
We may have thoſe, to ſpite your Wit, can ſmile.
Perhaps, intreated from Newmarket *too,*
To Sham you here, as there they others do.
Nor is it juſt to blame our Poet's Art,
If here, without your leave, he gets the Start.

The

The NAMES.

Paſſal.	A generous perſon, and ingenious.	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Maldrin.	A deſerving Gentleman, and friend to *Paſſal.*	Mr. *Birt.*
Sr. *Ral. Nonſuch.*	A publick ridiculous pretender, and a Luxuriaſt.	Mr. *Powel.*
Whiffler.	A finical Fop.	Mr. *Haines.*
Swiftſpur.	A Gentleman-Racer.	Mr. *Clark.*
Trainſted.	Another Gentleman of *Newmarket.*	M. *Goodman.*
Bowſer.	Their Friend, and lover of Sport.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Plodwell.	A Lawyer, and of a handſome Character.	Mr. *Perin.*
Breakbond.	A wilde Gentleman, obliging the Sex of Women, and of a generous character, except in payment of Bonds.	Major *Moon.*
Pricknote.	An hypocritical Sectary and Knave intereſted in Sir *Ral. Nonſuch.*	Mr. *Caſh.*

The Women.

Clevly.	A Worthy Lady.	Mrs. *Corbit.*
Jocalin.	A lover of Pleaſure and Ingenuity.	Mrs. *Baker.*
Quickthrift.	A Lady of Wit, but proud and covetous, courted by *Plodwell.*	Mrs. *Corey.*
Luce:	A pretended Miſs to Sir *Ralph Nonſuch.*	Mrs. *Farlo.*
Flora:	Siſter to *Jocalin.*	

Jockeys in ſeveral Habits.

Attendants and *Dancers.*

The Scene,

LONDON.

THE

THE
Man of Newmarket.

ACT the First.
SCENE the First.

Enter four Jockeys.

1 *Jockie.* FEllow Horſemen, let's embrace heartily. Thanks be to Heaven, we have not many hours to ſpend in this Metropolitan Wilderneſs of Houſes, call'd *London*; an open Air fits our fleſh and blood, and ſports together, much better.

2 *Jock.* Or to be plain, Brother, any ground of *England* that affords but good galloping after Water. The Stones of Cities are more ill-natur'd to the Conſtitution and Feet of Horſes, than the Souls of the Inhabitants are to one another. Let me never croſs good Runner more, if I do any thing but dream of four-mile Plains, ſhapes of Horſes, and their pleaſant Courſes on them, this tedious night that we have been in *London*.

3 *Jock.* There I am with thee heartily. The very ruminating on the laſt ſport we happily beheld at *Salisbury*, *Winchester*, and ſome other places, did ſo fill and quicken my drowſie thoughts with this Match, and t'other Match; nay, in my Conſcience, I

took my Whip in my Hand, and ſometimes in my dream laſhed the Bed-poſt heartily, as if I had been in hard running; after which, I was ſo indiſpoſed, I know not how, this very Morning, that when the Tapſter's plump Wife came up with my mornings draught, I had ſcarce the heart to kiſs her. But O ſweet, ſweet, *Newmarket!* had I met with but half the temptation there, I had rode a Heat indeed.

1 *Jock.* And ſo thou haſt many a one. There are Girls that will ſtick at Mark to purpoſe.

4 *Jock.* And not give ſuch marks too, which may be diſcerned in a ſort of Strayers here by the Nurch in the Noſe — but let that paſs.

1 *Jock.* With all my heart: But cannot yet be in ſo much charity with this Town, as to wiſh its good fortune in any thing, except its preſervation from Plague and Fire, it affords ſuch a variety of ſtops to the pleaſure of our Gentry.

Well, God a mercy our Good King, who guides himſelf and them to the happy place of Pleaſure call'd *Newmarket*.

I would ſay elſe (in deſpight of any Browantled Cockney of 'em all) that this City might otherwiſe prejudice the health of the beſt Prince that ever Subjects enjoy'd.

2 *Jock.* Right; and in deteſtation of which, together with all its Inconveniencies, let us chearfully vow not to be ſo much of its mode as to wear Shoes whilſt we breath here.

Enter the fifth Jockey.

Omnes Jock. Agreed, agreed.

3 *Jock.* Fellow-Horſemen, what news?

5 *Jock.* In excellency, I hope Mr. *Trainſted* is already come to Town.

1 *Jock.* Not to ſtay, I hope?

5 *Jock.* Stay him what can, he has taken up his Lodging purpoſely at the Signe of the red Lion in *Holbourn*, for a Nights reſt or ſo.

The very Candle-light that he employes in this place, ſhall be but to light him to make Matches and Betts. His Soul and Being is too much with his Courſers to be deluded otherwiſe, I warrant him.

1 *Jock.* A Patron of our Sport indeed; our King has ſcarce a Gentle-

Gentleman within his Dominions, that, next his Royal ſelf, underſtands Racing ſo delightfully well.

5 *Jock.* Nay, more, in my Conſcience, he has a Horſe, that ſhall be nameleſs, the ſight of whoſe Gaskins does more pleaſe his Eye, than if he beheld the Thighs of a ſecond *Roſamund.*

1 *Jock.* And nothing of our moſt generous Patron Mr. *Swiftſpur*, notwithſtanding he was expected here laſt night?

5 *Jock.* By this time alighted certainly. I met with his Led Horſe that came before him into *Drury-lane.*

4 *Jock.* Let me not live, if I did not expect he would rather have gallop'd through this Town, than to have afforded three minutes reſt here for himſelf or Horſe.

5 *Jock.* I'll warrant no ſtay in him, Boys.
As ſoon the Sun can ſhine in all places in *England*, and except *Newmarket-heath*, as he not ſhew his chearful Spirit there.

1 *Jock.* But prethee, one thing betwixt our ſelves; which of thoſe two Gentlemen, next Racing, does love a Woman beſt?

5 *Jock.* Hum! let me ſee, next Racing, ſaiſt thou? Why, I believe, to do 'em right, both equally.

1 *Jock.* Then, let it go ſo, they are Gentlemen; two ſuch Sports I confeſs may be allow'd one after t'other with conveniency.

2 *Jock.* What elſe, Lads? There are times of Heat and Froſt, when Horſes cannot exerciſe, wherein their Maſters, as well as we Keepers, may be humour'd otherwiſe: Good Drink and Girls are never out of ſeaſon with true Courſers; Is't not ſo, Boys?

Enter Paſſal.

1 *Jock.* Let's away, and with this mirth finde our Patroons.

Paſſal. Hold a tittle; are Mr. *Swiftſpur* and his friend *Trainſted* come to Town?

1 *Jock.* We are juſt going to 'em, Gentlemen; and if you be a friend to their manner of Communication, doubt not your welcome.

Paſſ. I know 'em well, and have ſeen the ſports of *Salisbury*, *Lincoln*, *Brackley*; heard the diſcourſe of *Peggie Bregs*, as the moſt famous ſhe-creature of her kinde then extant.

1 *Jock.* Very well, Sir; and to direct you better, take your way to *Newmarket-heath*, where the Scene of pleaſure is more gloriouſly laid.

By the beſt *Pegaſus*, it has been too much a fault in Country-gentlemen to contrive Racing in any other place than where the King takes pleaſure moſt: A ſigne that ſuch Squires have not civility enough to ſerve his recreation.

Paſſ. Or it may be, have not ſuitable Confidence to attend his perſon ſo obligingly as they wiſh it: but 'tis their way.

Omn. Jock. You'll excuſe us, Sir. [*Exeunt* Jock.

Enter Trainſted.

Paſſ. Here comes *Trainſted* — What, in ſo much haſte?

Trainſted. You muſt pardon me, Sir, if you were a better friend than you are; until I have made my diſpatches, met with my Aſſociates *Swiftſpur* and the reſt, I have not leiſure for a thought.

Paſſ. Go thy ways then, one of our gentile Horſemen, ſaid to be pretty honeſt too, and that's much in his way of dealing.

Enter Maldrin *as in a ſtudy.*

What, thinking *Maldrin?*

Maldrin. Nay prethee give me leave a little.

Paſſ. Let me not die an honeſt Gentleman, if I loath any thing, next to down-right Knavery, more than a thinking friend, let the cauſe be almoſt what it will be.

Mald. And muſt a man have no time for thought then, or ſuppoſe buſineſs?

Paſſ. That's worſe; Buſineſs, why 'tis a kinde of Heteroclite, by which (eſpecially as the world is now) men are to be read backward, if not ſuch ſullen Contemplators for their own advantage, that they ſcarce have ſoul to beſtow a good deed or thought on any beſides themſelves.

Mald. Grant it true, *Paſſal*, is every man's caſe therefore alike? Or are there no particular Ethicks from the top to the bottom of Mankinde, whereby worth might hope for ſome encouragement?

Paſſ. Does not this ſmell ſomewhat rank of reward that thou would'ſt be fain nibling at, in order to ſome paſt merit, as is too familiar with many?
By my friendſhip, *Maldrin*, I could almoſt leave thee with ſuch fumes of thy Brain, until the Vapour diſſolves it ſelf.

Mald. But not to be taken notice of, after what I may call, (without

(without oſtentation) worthy ſervice to my Country.

Paſſ. What, becauſe thou wear'ſt a black Patch as one mark of thy honourable Scars? Prethee go into the Market, and cry it up, and thy merit together, with thy friends, inſtead of ſtew'd Pruines, or elſe find ſome greatneſs to make legs to in behalf of us both: What's thy ſervice, or mine, Is it not duty? Or canſt thou pretend to have look'd Death further in the face than I? yet when we have done, are there not men that have ſerv'd as daringly for eight pence a day, and perhaps ne're had it too, yet might as highly pretend as the beſt of our actions?

Mald. But vertuous honeſty is a handſome ſomething.

Paſſ. So are knavery and foolery, well manag'd: either of which is many times ſufficient to outface the beſt Countenance in an honeſt man's complexion.

Mald. Well, thou ſhalt in part perſwade me.

Paſſ. Or chuſe, and in thy unquoth mood joyn with ſome ſeparate Congregation, and pray againſt Plum-broth at Chriſtmas, in expection of a Gift on their New-years-day—— A Gentleman and not be chearful? or that ſeems ſo burthen'd with vertue, that it muſt neceſſarily bow his Soul, or ſpoil his Mirth? out upon't!

Mald. Prethee no more, though, to be plain, I was even going to confeſs that I was even weary of being juſt or good much longer.

Paſſ. To divert thee further yet, when ſaw'ſt thou Sir *Ralph Nonſuch?*

Mald. But the other night; and as formal as ever.

Paſſ. And rails, according to his uſual manner, againſt Church and State; perhaps expects ſo fond a providence as to be rewarded for it.

Would not this make as honeſt a man as thou call'ſt thy ſelf almoſt hate to own ſuch a handſome deed, and ſuch an age of Pretenſions as we live in?

Mald. Nay, I muſt grant him, with thee, to be as odde a compoſition of Fool and Knave, as any is now extant. A Luxuriaſt too in all things, I hear.

Paſſ. And of the worſt and oddeſt ſort: to which purpoſe he aſſociates ſometimes with the moſt illegal Sanctity, has his Nonconformiſt to viſit him one hour, a Dicer another, a Doctor or Muſician a third: undertakes to arbitrate Love and Faction: ſuch a medley of man-----

Mald.

Mald. And keeps his Laſs, or Girl too, I hear.

Paſſ. O yes, that in graver ſeaſons plays at Bopeep behinde the Arras, in expectation of her Interlude with due leiſure----
We'll finde ſome opportunity to ſmile at his folly.
In the mean time, I'll tell thee whom I accoſted juſt now; 'twas even that formidable Squire *Whiffler*.

Mald. And did he part with thee before he had new comb'd and ſet his Face?

Paſſ. Nor then neither, by his will. O there's not ſo fine a Fool extant: he thinks the world and all things in it are not gay enough for his ſake.

Mald. And ſpeaks with his Chin affectedly forward, to promote the delivery of his words, when he would ſeem moſt pathetical to a Lady.

Paſſ. Thou haſt him right; and after that manner ſets one Leg odly before t'other: 'tis thought the Town and Court will not have done laughing at him this ſeven years.

Mald. Is he not proud?

Paſſ. to a miracle; and as ill-natur'd where he dares, as the love of Money and good Cloaths can make any body.

He comes. *Enter* Whiffler.

Whiffler. O my Meſſieurs, pardon my diverſion a while.
[*He ſpruces up himſelf.*

Mald. Speaks he French?

Paſſ. So delicately, as he thinks, that he undertook lately to teach a French-man---- Had we but ſuch a face betwixt us, as thou haſt, *Whiffler!*

Whiff. By the beſt tincture about me, 'tis compleat, I hope, Gallants.

Mald. 'Tis odds but he paints too.

Paſſ. As plain as if he did it with a Trowel.

Whiff. Excuſe me, Sirs, I have much a better Perriwig than this, ſuch a one that is compoſed throughout of Virgin-locks, not an hour elder than fifteen: I did but kiſs the pretty Rogues, and they robb'd their Heads to pleaſure mine. And he that has a better to cover with ſuch a trifle, let him produce it if he can.

Paſſ. You are hopeful always.

Whiff. Let my Skin be polluted with the great Pox, if a grave Gentle-

Gentlewoman did not proteſt with a good conſcience, that ſhe thought there were many Ladies would beſtow their Portions on me for one nights embrace; ſo that it's ſome queſtion to me whether I ſhall ever marry or no.

Mald. A Tale of a Bawd, I dare promiſe for him.

Whiff. But that is not all, Sirs, I have many hopes beſides of being made ſole Heir to one in Fee-ſimple, to another in Fee-tail, with no ſmall aſſurance I may ſucceed a Baron of my acquaintance; as alſo ſome fine Court-words and Promiſes, too many for me to remember at once.

Paſſ. And all this for your taking Phyſiognomie.

Whiff. Or ſo well built before, and behinde, that no Mankinde comes into my Bed at night; you may conceive my apprehenſion.

Paſſ. That Chime of thine, and the wonders thou pretend'ſt to, do put me in minde ſo odly of the Jaw-bone of an Aſs!

Whiff. Hang Bones, give me Beams: Is there a Woman in our way that is delicious enough for my temptation? I proteſt I am ſcandaliz'd with ſo many unrefin'd Females as the Town abounds with.

Mald. A mixture of Luxurie and Folly, beyond preſident: ſee, here comes *Breakbond.*

Enter Breakbond.

Break. Maldrin and *Paſſal*, well met, boys----
And how goes Money and fine Women in Town?

Paſſ. As they uſually do, *Tom.* Some have both, and ſome neither; and muſt be contented as well as they can.

Mald. And canſt thou not yet take counſel of thy Friends, *Breakbond?*

Break. As dully as to pay debts, thou mean'ſt.
I'll tell you, Gentlemen, I intend never to be able; and that's ſomewhat leſs diſhoneſty than in many of our acquaintance — You'll excuſe my reſolution, *Smock-face* —

Whiff. I am obliged by your expreſſion, Sir.

Break. Or I will owe thee, in ſpight of thy Teeth, Ignorance; could'ſt thou commit ſuch a ſin againſt common ſenſe, as to hope for Money of me? a thing I never ſleep with, where Wine or Women inhabit.

Mald.

Mald. But to be juſt, *Breakbond*, is conſiderable.——

Breakb. I'll leave it to Divines, and Lawyers, that are paid to that purpoſe; however, I finde my ſelf to be the moſt particular Diſpenſation *London* enjoys; the very Women of Pleaſure live on me by dozens; I maintain 'em, feaſt 'em, and drink up their riot, until it tickle my ſpirits and theirs together. What I ſpend, I borrow chiefly for that purpoſe: I have the happineſs to be indebted to Fools and Knaves, or ſuch Caterpillers of the Nation as men call Uſurers; perhaps break beſides with Haberdaſhers, Drapers, and Tailers; all venial Crimes, I'll warrant 'em.

Paſſ. Though thou art an odde piece of Manhood, there's ſo much worth in thee beſides, that I cannot tell how to chide thee heartily.

Breakb. Let me ſuffer more than I deſerve, if I do not love naturally a handſome Woman, whether ſhe be honeſt or diſhoneſt.

Paſſ. I believe thee.

Breakb. I mean generouſly; that is to ſay, I love to ſee Creatures of their excellence gay and fine--- Do'ſt hear, *Whiffler*?--- five Guineys at thy peril immediately, there's a Beauty of my acquaintance wants it—— Remember how lately I commended thy handſome Face and Perriwig.

Whiff. Cry you mercy, Sir, you ought to command me.

Breakb. Thou ſhalt have the honour to be my Purſe-bearer on ſuch charitable accounts. [*Gives* Whiffler *money.*
Farewel friend —— *Whiffler*, be ſure thou do'ſt treat thy Women of pleaſure kindly, leſt I have an account of thy Converſation.

Whiff. I warrant you, Sir. [*Exit* Breakbond.

Mald. A brave fellow, I pity him.

Paſſ. And no leſs a Gentleman, bating his extravagance.
Behold Madam *Quickthrift*, with her demure Lawyer.

Enter Quickthrift, *led by* Plodwell.

Quickth. And was your laſt Purchaſe juſt a thouſand pounds a year?

Plod. I ſhould be ſorry, Madam, if it riſe not to eleven hundred, as I may raiſe my Tenants.

Quickth. I commend thee, thrive well firſt, and love as I finde occaſion afterwards——
Cry you mercy, Gentlemen.

Paſſ.

Paſſ. No hurt, Madam, ſince you vouchſafe us the beholding of your beautiful form, and this Gentleman, your Servant.

Quickth. He is of the Generoſo's of the Inns of Court, and near the Degree of Barriſter, (though perhaps call'd a Novice in ſome kind) by ſuch wilde ones there, who burſt out like Bucks of the firſt head, that men ſcarce hear of their Families after 'em. He is none of that Complexion, I ſuppoſe.

Plod. To ſerve you, Madam, is entirely my deſire: And if I do not finde that treated well in what I have read, I'll burn ſome Volumes for your ſake.

Quickth. A full expreſſion: and next learn, though a Lawyer, to confer your Eſtate on my diſcretion. Your propoſal of Joynture may in ſome meaſure anſwer my expectation: I care not if the world know, that my ingenuity is ſo beneficially devoted, as I permit Money to be in great part my loves Idol.

Plod. What you pleaſe, Lady——

Quickth. But I had forgot ſomething—— Hark you, Sir, have you not loſt your Maidenhead? Or I'll take it for granted; I know you Inns-of-Court-men lie ſometimes out of your Lodgings.

Plod. An account of my Life before I am her's? ——

Quickth. However, I expect five hundred pounds a year more for my ſuppoſition; you'll ſee the Writings drawn?

Plod. Indeed, Madam,——

She's a quaint one; but no matter. [*aſide*

Mald. This bit of Love may puzzle a Learned Palate indeed. But the World and Women are moſt unintelligible things, *Paſſal:*

Paſſ. And ever were, and will be ſo.

Whiff. Let me not breath if you have not a ſmart movement, Lady.

Quickth. How know you that, Sir?

Whiff. Know it, Madam? do I know my own Face?

Quickth. Not ſo well as you ought, I believe.

Whiff. She commends me already too: how I could conſume my ſelf on ſuch a Toy! —— Let me beg your diverſion, Lady; I'll ſerve you with what kinde of Amour you pleaſe, beſides choice Fricacies, Gellies, Potato's, Waſhes, Baths Nocturnal and Diurnal, or any thing ——

Quickth. How now, Cock-ſparrow!

Paſſ. I expected you would ſoon be weary, Madam.

Quickth. You are in the right, Sir —
Mr. *Maldrin*, I am glad to ſee you--- Excuſe me if I return as I was led hither: Your Coſen *Nonſuch* perhaps ſhall judge further betwixt us. [*Exit* Quickth. *and* Plod.

Enter Clevly *and* Jocalin.

Paſſ. Ladies, you are well met.

Clev. Thanks, kinde *Paſſal.*

Paſſ. Well, Madam, I could ſay ſomething more, were it to much purpoſe.

Clev. I'm ſorry to underſtand your Wit is ſo deficient.

Paſſ. But you know my meaning ſufficiently, I ſuppoſe.

Clev. Did I ever taſte your ſence otherwiſe than by your words? What an age do we live in, *Jocalin?* a Woman cannot be any thing taking, or but acquainted with as paſſable a Gentleman as ſome one of theſe, but he thinks himſelf affronted if he does not immediately ſecure her by his addreſs.

Whiff. Not an eye towards me all this while, notwithſtanding I have put my Face and perſon in ſo delicate a garb.

Jocal. Let my virginity be not credited, if I do not love the Age exceedingly in ſpite of its ſin, the mirth is ſo great.

Clev. And by my wiſh thou ſhalt have it to thy deſire, *Jocalin.* I confeſs thy Genius does deſerve the beſt alacrity of Manhood now living.

Whiff. Not an eye to this Cheek neither?

Clev. *Maldrin*, me thinks thou ſeem'ſt reſerv'd, or perhaps ſoberly warm'd by ſome Amour; I will not undertake to judge. However, I dare thank you for your laſt Treat, 'twas handſome.

Paſſ. She'll not skip me for my friend, I hope.

Mald. Madam, the mirth I have to ſpare at ſome ſeaſons, your Sex has it uſually, I confeſs.

Paſſ. But is ſomewhat out of humour with himſelf and the world at preſent; I was chiding him for't.

Jocal. We'll joyn with you by any means.
Give me chearfulneſs in fleſh and blood; a man that has always his ſmiles about him; one that loves pleaſure dreſt or naked: ſuch a Rider might man a Woman happily.

Clev. Well, thou art mirth in abundance----
But what figure of Man is that? [*Points at* Whiffler.

Paſſ.

Paſſ. One, Lady, that you may perceive by his poſture, is moſt laborious to be taken notice of.

Jocal. Me thinks 'twere ſport to beſtow his Image on a Signe-poſt.

Whiff. Madam, in this poſture of my real ſelf, I covet the diverſion of your Glove.

Mald. An amorous term indeed!

Clev. The attendance on a Ladies Galoches might fit him well; he ſeems to affect cleanneſs.

Paſſ. As far as Milk and Water, with ſome other purifications, can extend; and if he meets not with a Glap, 'tis odds but he'll live as neat as Vice will allow.

Jocal. Out on the Creature! he's enough to ſpoil Loves mirth to think on him.

Paſſ. Here's *Maldrin* knows he may be call'd fool ſafely: Beſides, he thinks it no diſparagement, having been told, that men of weak brain have been ſometimes fortunate on conſiderable accounts.

Mald. And conceives, Ladies, that if you'd beſtow a kiſs on him, you would ſtrangely admire the mode of his Lip.

Paſſ. Thou ſeeſt thou art commended, *Whiffler.*

Whiff. By my beſt outſide, I thank you, Sir; you'll remember to do it more, I hope.

Paſſ. Not to be thy Pimp, would'ſt thou?

Whiff. No matter if ſhe be honeſt, provided ſhe be a fine one. I have ſuch a wheedling ſmack, will make her forget what Vertue means.

Paſſ. Well, for mirth-ſake I'll put thee on ſomething.

Clev. When ſaw you Madam *Quickthrift?*

Paſſ. But even now, and hand in hand with her Law-ſtudent.

Clev. No wonder in her, ſince his Purſe and Profeſſion is ſo thriving: not to take otherwiſe from the deſert of the Gentleman---

You ſaw not Mr. *Swiftſpur?*

Paſſ. I expect him, and here he is with his friend *Bowſer.*

Enter Swiftſpur, Bowſer, *and* Servant.

Swiftſp. Has my Mare *Bonny* recover'd her lameneſs?

Servant. Perfectly, Sir, and with your own oyl too.

Swiftſp. See that my Horſes go before; I'll overtake you ſomewhere. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Trainſted, *with a Purſe of Gold in his hand.*

Trainſt. I have been with my Goldſmith, and am well furniſh'd to ſtart hence. I thank Heaven that I found no Rub in his Conſcience at preſent, or politick neceſſity to break, like others, who caſhier their Clients expectations and Caſh together. Here ſum'd happily----

Swiftſpur, Thou art he I would finde; if thy Purſe be as plump with Goldings as mine, give me thy hand, and ſet forward with me.

Swiftſp. What elſe, thou ſportive Intrigue of delight? Alas, I was wanting thee; our friend *Bowſer* knows I made my delay here chiefly for thy coming. And mark me, as very friends as we are, I am reſolv'd to beat thy Stable through: Thou ſhalt not own Mare or Horſe, that have not been o'rerun by mine.

Trainſt. But in the mean time, with all this crack and our kindneſs together, I have made bold to defeat ſome of your beſt runners hitherto: Not a few of thy Goldfinches ſing here: And give me but five Guineys, and I'll make it ten if I do not better thee on our next engagement.

Swiftſp. 'Tis done, a Bet: you'll excuſe me, Ladies, if I beg the honour of your witneſs?

Trainſt. What this contains beſides, ſhall be wager'd on *Bonnyface* and *Thruſter*; I care not much, if it be ſo much every mile they courſe.

Swiftſp. God-a-mercy for that, *Trainſted*---- Our application to theſe Ladies, and ſo depart; a ſmile of theirs will ſmooth the brow of Fortune whereſoe're it lights.

Paſſ. What, going out of Town already?

Swiftſp. Aſſoon as poſſible; the King's Hawks and Hounds are gone, the Matches made, and ready to ſtart in my conceit already---- You can't do better, Gentlemen, than to bear us company.

Bowſ. Let's away then, I ſhall do nothing elſe but pine with unpleaſant idleneſs whilſt I ſtay here.

Paſſ. You mention'd the Ladies even now.

Swiftſp. 'Slid, I had almoſt forgot 'em.

Trainſt. And ſo had I.

Bowſ.

Bowſ. I am glad to hear it.

Swiftſp. Now I better remember, I cannot but admire 'em handſomely.

Trainſt. Such a ſight in the Stand at *Newmarket* as we lead over, were taking indeed.

Jocal. Say you ſo, Sir?

Swiftſp. Beyond meaſure: And to oblige you the more, you ſhall go what you will on the beſt hand. How were a Woman to be valu'd that ſhould endear our pleaſures, *Trainſted?*

Trainſt. Thou haſt a little the ſtart on me there, *Swiftſpur:* but 'twas fair, I confeſs.

Jocal. Go on the beſt hand, call you it? I had as lieve venter on the beſt Foot and Leg.

Swiftſp. She means of one of us—— but no matter.

Clev. Let *Jocalin* alone, ſhe'll fit 'em, I warrant her.

Jocal. And for your kindneſs, I conceive it as odd as the diſcourſe of Racers when they meet. You may take your way.

Swiftſp. O there's a movement would tempt an hot-Spur indeed! What think you of *Newmarket-heath*, Ladies? There's a Flat would invite your Beams to play on like Sunſhine, where you may ſee our King exceed (if poſſible) his moſt gracious and conſtant Serenity.

Nothing to be found there but much mirth, pleaſant things, and their buſineſs, which ſome call happineſs.

Clev. A fine place; have you not ſeen it, Madam?

Jocal. Not as yet.

Clev. *Jocalin*, thou lov'ſt riding well; and next, what think'ſt thou of theſe Gentlemen?

Jocal. Sportive, I perceive.

Clev. And of a handſome humour with it.

Jocal. I could make a Quere too.

Clev. And do it home.

Jocal. Is not one of theſe friendly Gentlemen ſomething in your thought? [*Pointing at* Paſſal *and* Maldrin.

Clev. You ſhall ſoon perceive---- I hear Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* is indiſpos'd.

Paſſ. Or ſick with the warm conceit of his prudence; 'tis not impoſſible.

Clev. An Arbitrator of Love too.

Joca.

Jocal. I was thinking to viſit him.

Clev. With all my heart.

Paſſ. Command my hand, Madam.

Clev. By no means, Sir.

Mald. Or mine, Lady.

Clev. Both or neither.

Paſſ. A paradox of love, and betwixt us two.

Mald. Remember we are friends.

Swiftſp. Let's accompany a while; I know thou haſt Betts to make; beſides, I have friends to meet will wager with us both.

Trainſt. Then be it ſo, a ſmall delay will hurt nothing — She has fire in her Eye, who can but feel its warmth? [*Looking on* Jocal.

Swiftſp. What ſai'ſt thou, *Trainſted?*

Trainſt. Nothing but a certain thought of a delicate Courſer.

Whiff. Your Uſher, Ladies, I waited purpoſely to be ſo finically happy: You may obſerve my diverting movement always.

Swiftſp. Along, and next to *Newmarket*.

The end of the Firſt ACT.

ACT the Second.

Enter Sir Ralph Nonſuch, Pricknote, *and two* Sectaries.

Nonſuch. THere's no being accounted wiſe, (with ſome) unleſs factious, I dare affirm it.

Prickn. You are zealouſly in the right, Sir.

Nonſuch. Whence I conceive, that to diſſent on purpoſe to be diſſatisfi'd, or the ſpinning of trifles dextrouſly into as many nothings, may ſhame the ſubtlety of *Ariadne*'s thread.

Prickn. Your Worſhip is moſt Orthodoxical.

1 *Sect.* Or, as we hold, factiouſly pious.

Nonſuch. Or, which is much one, tending to the vexation of Heaven and Earth, out of private reſpects.

1 *Sect.* The very nick of piety with us.

Prickn.

Prickn. And had not Providence kept a cloſe Purſe, our party had often begger'd this Nation ſince Forty one, merely in praying for their own beſt advantage.

Nonſuch. You likewiſe paſs by ſome frailties, as ſuppoſing the Smock be in more repute than the Surplice; thou underſtand'ſt me, *Pricknote?*

Prickn. To a hair, Sir.

2 *Sect.* Or a certain kinde of Comprehenſion, in ſpight of Superiors.

Nonſuch. Enter me immediately a Patron, *Pricknote.*

Prickn. Moſt devoutly, I aſſure you---- [*Writes in his Book.*

Nonſuch. There be great ones in the world that may take notice of ſomebody, or men may ſeem diſpleas'd, or factious until they do, I take it.

1 *Sect.* Or we'll otherwiſe lend, borrow, trade, give peeviſhly on purpoſe.

Nonſuch. Thou maiſt enter it with thy Notes of Providence, *Pricknote.*

Prickn. Nay more, Sir, I'll tediouſly pray for't the next cold night by my farthing Candle.

Nonſuch. 'Tis judged I had no ſmall intrigue in burning the Pope's Image on laſt *November.*

2 *Sect.* An extraordinary Diſpenſation, doubtleſs.

Nonſuch. I muſt rejoyce it, conſidering it is rumor'd, I know not how, as if that Biſhop intended to give nine moneths Aſſeſment to oblige the Commons of *England*, who have ſo long rail'd at him they know not why.

1 *Sect.* A Sophiſtrie that might ruine *Geneva* it ſelf.

2 *Sect.* 'Tis meet we conceal it.

Prick. Or elſe preſerve it, with other Annotations, on purpoſe to belie the Catholicks when we pleaſe.

Enter Luce.

Nonſuch. Should that Prelate affect it, 'tis thought there's no man in Chriſtendom that wears a wiſer Night-cap.
Nay, *Luce*, you are a little too open at this time.

Luce. Did not you ſay, Sir Knight, I ſhould learn from your politick Converſe?

Nonſuch. But there are ſeaſons more wiſe and vain together, *Luce.* I would not have a ſcandal in the way of my concerns, *Luce.*

Luce.

Luce. With what form am I deſign'd to be a Wench? [*Aſide.*

Prickn. Even pretty Mrs. *Luce*; I pray permit her, there's not a ſoft-lipt Phanatick amongſt us but would moſt devoutly admire her.

Luce. How pious a thing is kiſſing, even with theſe!—— [*Enter* Servant.

I obey, Sir; but if I do not make your Cods-head ake for this, there's no wit in Woman. [*Exit* Luce.

Serv. Mr. *Plodwel* the Lawyer, Sir—— [*Exit* Servant.

Nonſuch. To adviſe with me in point of Law, I take it: there's no living in this world if not thought wiſe always.

Prickn. You'll remember my Exhibition, Sir?

Nonſuch. Thy quarters Wages before-hand, for entring my Name; bid my Steward pay it.

Prickn. I thank you, Sir; the ſmiles of Conſent that you have beſtow'd amongſt us---- [*Exit* Pricknote, *and* Sectaries.

Enter Plodwell, *and* Quickthrift.

Quickth. I have ſuch a complaint againſt your Coſen-Student here——

Nonſuch. What is't, Lady?

Quickth. Why, I am very inclinable to believe that he preſumes to make his Addreſs, after he has been ſuch a ſinner as to loſe firſt his Virginity.

Nonſuch. A Querie not uſually inſiſted on, Madam; beſides, it is ſomething, I know not how, incident to the Genius of the *Engliſh*, to be variable, extravagant, and wiſe interchangeably; a notion of no inconſiderable policie in ſome.

Quickth. With pardon, Sir, of your grave conception, I judge it is with men as it is with Plants: take one that bloſſoms too ſoon, 'twill ſtarve a Sloe, or Hedg-peake.

Plod. No ebbe in her humour? [*Aſide.*

Quickth. To marry a Student, and not be ſure of my Chambermaids when I go from home----

Nonſuch. There are domeſtick caſes, I confeſs: Nay, I have heard that *Littleton* himſelf held Love by no certain tenure.

Quickth. Beſides, I have not heard him ſay his Prayers.

Plod. Shall I try, Lady?

Nonſuch. 'Twere too much to require of my Kinſman, Madam; And

And *Pater Noſters* ſo much out of faſhion too.

Quickth. Or I'll hear him read a long Chapter to me to morrow morning: which done, he ſhall ſpeak French to me ſome hours afterwards.

I have heard that you Lawyers poiſon that Tongue moſt abominably.

Plod. A Satyriſt too —

But I'll preſerve my Temper. [*Aſide.*

Quickth. Should a Woman eſpouſe Love, and not well underſtand ſuch a Fee-tail as this?

Nonſuch. I once knew a man, that undertook to diſcern precedent copulation by feeling of the tip of the left Ear; perhaps I might arbitrate the Queſtion that way.

Heark you, Mr. *Plodwel.* [*Aſide.*

Plod. So you'll not feel me by the Ear —

Enter Clevly, Jocalin, *and* Paſſal.

Nonſuch. Is there no pecuniary mulct by Law, on any of your profeſſion, that ſhall be couchant with Womenkinde before they are called to the Bar?

Plod. Not as I ever heard of. [*Aſide.*

Nonſuch. Then whiſper her in the Ear, and tell her, it is my ſenſe that all is well — Madam *Clevly*, with others.

Perhaps ſome amorous emergencie to be determin'd by me —

I'll attend their leiſure. [Plod. *whiſpers* Quickth.

Clev. Where left you *Maldrin*, Sir?

Paſſ. I ſuppoſe withdrawn upon ſome concerns. —

Clev. Or melancholy perhaps, I gueſs the cauſe.

Paſſ. Indeed, Lady.

Clev. His preſence was ill omitted.

Paſſ. I underſtand you not, Madam.

Clev. You may perhaps, or there are Almanack-makers to enquire of. ---

How is't, *Jocalin?* thou art chearful ſtill.

Jocal. So far, that no *Dido* of our Sex ſhall teach me to whine for any Cataſtrophe that *Cupid* can beſtow.

Clev. But we forget Madam *Quickthrift*, with her Servant.

Quickth. A ſtudious Beetle-brow'd- hing, Ladies, that cannot conſter my Amour in order to Money, Manners, and Wit.

Clev. I am ſorry for his ſake.

Plod. You ſhall not, Lady.

Jocal. Fie on theſe Riddles of Loves making: Give me a paſſion as gay as *Goſſamors*, that when I am indiſpos'd, my Love may raiſe my Comedy, and take me that way too.

Nonſuch. Ladies, you are welcome--- If you have any thing of Love to decide, command Sir *Ralph Nonſuch.*

Quickth. A mere queſtion betwixt this Gentleman and my ſelf; but ended already, I know not how.

Paſſ. I muſt not think ſo.

Nonſuch. Ladies, you may command my houſe:
Of all vanities, I moſt diſpenſe with the ſofteſt.

Clev. And have your Amour, I gueſs too, preſerving the reſpects of your State-faction.

Jocal. Or a politick capacity beſtow'd on *Venus*: is't not ſo, Sir *Ralph?*

Nonſuch. I confeſs, Lady, that there may be (formally taken) a juggling of Intereſt and Pleaſure together in ſome, whereby they may ſeem a *deceptio viſus* to the Publick; a very ordinary State-intrigue, I take it.

Paſſ. No more of your kiſſing policie, Knight, or annex it to your diſcuſſions ſomewhere.

Jocal. Me thinks we are not brisk enough, or ſome body's wanting.---- What ſay you, *Quickthrift?*

Quickth. So merry, Madam, that for your recreation you ſhall ſee my Lawyer manage his great Horſe.

Jocal. That were pleaſant.

Clev. By no means, Lady; 'twill ſhame ſome of the Judges, who can ſcarce walk their Steeds handſomely to *Weſtminſter.*

Enter Breakbond *and* Whiffler.

Jocal. Not he come yet? it allays my mirth a little.

Breakb. Theſe Ladies are too fine, notwithſtanding thy Complexion, *Whiffler.*

Whiff. 'Twere a diſparagement to my Phyſiognomy to think ſo.

Breakb. For five pound more, I'll commend thy face to a handſome Wench, and that's enough for thee.

Whiff. 'Tis impoſſible, Sir.

Breakb. I'll make her ſo, to any man that loves kindely: and now ſtand

ſtand at ſome diſtance, *Whiffler*, and covertly too, till I have done.

Whiff. If I muſt not ſhew my face, I muſt not, and that's ſome unkindneſs.

Breakb. Ladies, I am yours; Knight and Lawyer, I ſalute you: But Knight, take a care of too particular and clandeſtine frailtie, 'tis enough to ruine a Republick of Females.

Nonſuch. Are you my Inſtructer, Sir?

Breakb. Yes, or any man's that underſtands not how to admire woman handſomely, or in that abundance that nature delights. Shall a *Pagan* worſhip a whole Firmament of Stars at once, and a man generouſly principled not far more devote himſelf to every luſtre in Womankinde?

Nonſuch. A Libertine indeed---- You want no money, Sir?

Breakb. Yes, to ſpend, or give it.

Jocal. To ſome of our Sex, I ſuppoſe.

Breakb. I confeſs, Madam, they have the firſt of my commiſerations in all kindes: If I finde a man uſes his Wife ſcurvily, or beats her, I beat him as well as I can for't: If a Wench be uſed too courſly by her Friend, I give him a cut with my Sword for her ſake. There's more conſcience in enjoying Woman always, than in payment of Debts, or let me not be called *Breakbond.*

Clev. I did not expect ſo handſome a Raillerie.

Jocal. An obligation to all our Sex at once.

Paſſ. There's none that writes She, but may in part command him.

Quickth. But has little to ſay for old Women, I conceive?

Breakb. But I have, Lady; if they do but Mump upon me kindly, I could finde in my heart to Kiſs 'em heartily:
At leaſt, I wiſh moſt devoutly that Nature could afford ſome reſtorative to render ſuch young and gay ten times over.

Clev. Why this is generous indeed!

Paſſ. I knew he'd make it out.

Breakb. Paſſal, I am thy friend---- And once more, Knight, take a care of too formal or ſingle vanity; every Gentleman that can drink handſomely may inſtruct thee better.

Nonſuch. An irruption I expected not.

Whiff. You'll remember your promiſe, Sir? [Luce *peeps out.*

Paſſ. I do, and mark theſe Doors.

Whiff. Shall I not ſhew my roſie Cheeks to the Ladies firſt?

Paſſ. By no means, thou ſee'ſt 'em buſie.

Whiff. Have I diſcern'd her? [Luce *peeps again.*
Thou pretty rogue of Venery. [*Goes to the Door.*

Nonſuch. So open again, *Luce?* [*At the Door.*

Luce. I am gone, Sir.

Whiff. Haſt found my Cheek again, thou pretty Bo-peep thou?
[Luce *appears at another Door.*

Luce. Diſpatch, I beſeech you.

Whiff. Heark thee: about half an hour hence--- [*In her ear.*

Luce. Enough, I'll not fail you.

Nonſuch. I finde I am now ſecur'd. [*Aſide.*

Whiff. I have ſucceeded moſt propitiouſly, Sir. [*To* Paſſal.

Paſſ. Away then.

Quickth. No matter, Sir *Ralph*, though his mirth be bold, 'tis paſſable.

Breakh. There ſhall nothing live that has ſo much of Woman as can make out Hermophrodite, that I could not oblige chearfully: And heark you, Lawyer, thy looks ſpeak thee civil.

Plod. I ſhould hate my face elſe.

Breakh. Let me oblige thee to take no Fee of Woman-client that is handſome, or amorous, for my ſake: If thou do'ſt, may Rats conſume thy Writings.

Plod. You are a kinde Sir.

Breakh. If at any time thou ſueſt me, do what thou canſt I'll never pay thee.

Plod. Threaten the Law?

Breakh. When my Grandmother dies, I'll make thee my Truſtee to pay my Obligations to Women: For Men, I have us'd 'em to good words, and they expect no more; wherefore, love Females in the firſt place, follow thy Vocation in the next; and when thou com'ſt to be a Judge, remember thou wert frankly adviſed by *Tom Breakbond.*

Plod. You have, Sir.

Breakh. And one thing more — Thou ſhalt joyn in a Petition with me, That all Women not ſuperannuated, and ſuch as have not more Money than Kindneſs, may be diſcharged of their debts; that they may be troubled with no other Obligation than their love to men.

Paſſ. And may I not adde in thy behalf, That ſuch of that Sex

as

as are indiſpenſably old, yet, in their precedent time, have been celebrated by humane affection, ſhould likewiſe have their releaſe, according to this invention of thine.

Breakb. I embrace it heartily: the youthful part of my memory might otherwiſe have ingratefully forgot it.

Plod. And what ſhall ſuch do that are able to pay, and will not?

Breakb. Provided they love much, let 'em disburſe little; or onely now and then to a Tire-woman, or Chamber-maid, things aſſiſtant to their Buſineſs, Complexion, and Feature.

Plod. Suppoſe one woman be indebted to another, what would you then determine?

Paſſ. Well urg'd I'faith, Student, thou't go near to poſe him there.

Breakb. Let me ſee-- I have it, and handſomely too: Why, in that caſe, let her that is faireſt and moſt beloved of men, in commiſeration forgive t'other.

Clev. An arbitrament of Love, you'll end it Knight?

Paſſ. 'Tis what he deſires.

Nonſuch. Why, look you, Ladies and Gentlemen, there may be a vanity in all Comprehenſions; as he that eats one poach'd egg, may poſſibly long for more; there are ſeveral incitements, I take it; you'll excuſe me a ſpace -- [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Paſſ. A *Nonſuch* indeed!
What are theſe? [*Enter two or three* Jockies.

1 *Jock.* Men that are ſo unhappy, as to have almoſt loſt our ſelves.

2 *Jock.* Or what is worſe, our beſt Companions and Patroons: if ever you had compaſſion of men expert in the uſe of Whip and Spur, aſſiſt our condition.

Paſſ. You want no charity, do you?

1 *Jock.* Not ſo much as the abundance of Love which we apprehend here: There were more of us in number, beſides two of the beſt gentile Jockies that ever *England* bred. They muſt be enſnared with the pleaſures of the Tavern, Gaming-houſes, or worſe places: There's nothing but Ginns and Gilts here, or a ſort of Town-ſluts that will out-lie Horſecourſers.

Paſſ. And Jockies together, it may be: That Providence ſhould diſpenſe ſo uſeful a creature as a Horſe, and yet permit man

to

to tell ſo many abominable falſhoods in reſpect of its uſe! What ſaiſt thou, *Breakbond?*

Breakb. They wrong not Women, I hope?

Paſſ. No, by my troth, they have done a many too much right.

Breakb. O! I remember 'em, Servants to our friends and good fellows:
I dare paſs my word for 'em, they will cozen any other way, rather than ride booty.

Paſſ. That's no uſual commendation in their profeſſion.

1 *Jock.* For which, I'll not preſume to diſpleaſe your Worſhip ſo far, as to put you in minde of ten ſhillings yet unpaid me ever ſince the laſt Race at *Banſted.*

Breakb. Thou maiſt freely: I ſuppoſe I gave thee good words for thy own, did I not?

1 *Jock.* As any Gentleman living, that pays money no other way.

2 *Jock.* Nay, thou't forget our deſigne.

1 *Jock.* I warrant thee — Might I beg a ſhort favour at your hands, Mr. *Breakbond?*

Breakb. Speak it.

1 *Jock.* We conceive you have ſome intereſt with Ladies in this Town.

Breakb. And ever ſhall, I hope: but what's thy deſire?

1 *Jock.* To requeſt you, Sir, that by any means you would hinder our Chiefs, Mr. *Swiftſpur* and Mr. *Trainſted* from Coping with any ſuch delights; if they do, they'll ſet down their Runners, and turn us off immediately.

2 *Jock.* Here's a Lady or two in our eye, I think may deſerve our apprehenſion.

Breakb. Now I perceive you are Knaves indeed in blue Caps: I diſſwade Love?—

1 *Jock.* Good Sir, have patience: Or were it not all one if any of 'em had a fair Match for their Maidenheads at *Newmarket?*
There would be no ſport hindred that way.

Breakb. The very conceit has reconcil'd me, Lads; I onely want ſome Crowns to expreſs it: perhaps the Stars above may decree ſomething.

1 *Jock.* In the mean time could we ſee theſe Commanders of ours?

Breakb.

Breakb. I expect 'em each minute, let that comfort you — Your excuſe, Ladies, and the reſt.

Jocal. More of the men of *Newmarket*, or you'd attend your Maſters here.

1 *Jock.* With leave, Lady.

Breakb. As ſure as Heaven ſmiles on your faces, this day muſt end with mirth that will pleaſe every where.

Jocal. I hope we ſhall finde room for't.

Enter Maldrin.

Clev. Maldrin, we wanted thee here: Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* has made ſuch amorous deciſions, that *Jocalin*, *Quickthrift*, and my ſelf, have ſmiled moſt abominably at it:
I am ſorry thou didſt not ſhare mirth with us.

Mald. You have obliged mine already, Madam---- How far'ſt, *Breakbond?*

Breakb. As well as Woman can make me.

Mald. Thou art happy then.

Breakb. And will be, that way, in ſpite of Deſtiny. [*Exit* Breakb.

Clev. But your friend *Paſſal* and I wanted you here.

Paſſ. Excuſe me, Lady.

Clev. I cannot, *Maldrin* and you joyn hands.

Mald. 'Tis ſtrange, but 'tis her will, *Paſſal.*

Paſſ. I obey it.

Clev. How like you one anothers Faces now?

Paſſ. Haſt ne're a Baby in thy eye extraordinary, *Maldrin?* or do'ſt ſee one in mine?

Mald. I know not.

Clev. No matter, I'll not trouble Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* to determine this affair, another time may do it.

Enter Swiftſpur, Trainſted, *and* Bowſer.

Mald. She has amaz'd us both.

Jocal. Now they are come; a little of your patience, Lady.

Swiftſp. Thou art ſuch another man of expedition, that there is no kinde reaſon that accompanies thy diligence, notwithſtanding our engagements to the Ladies here: *Bowſer* could almoſt chide thee with me.

Bowſ. Rather let me commend thee, *Trainſted*; thou loveſt Sports

Sports with thy whole ſoul, may Heaven delight thee for't: what are ſuch She-objects, to a man that can with more gayneſs behold his brown Mares Buttocks, than the fineſt of their Concealments?

Trainſt. Thou ſaiſt right, *Bowſer*; beſides, having been almoſt dazzl'd with ſuch a taking temptation, there's no reaſon to hazzard it again.
See who waits our remove.

1 *Jock.* With ſuch a deſire to be jogging, that if we ſtay here this night, it ſhall be with ſo much ſpight to our eaſe, that we'll ſleep in our Boots.

2 *Jock.* And what is worſe, the beſt ſpirit of Liquor in Town has no power on our mirth; I know not whether or no we may be too melancholy to wench, if you continue thus.

Trainſt. God-a-mercy *Will* and *Tom*; come, we'll ſoon to horſe; I'll not deſert any of our ſociety.

Swiftſp. What if thou go'ſt before, *Trainſted?*

Trainſt. Did'ſt thou not tell me of my engagement, and being civil, juſt now?
In what haſte art thou alter'd!--- See who moves towards us, I cannot withdraw rudely from ſuch an Object; Madam, the obligement of your hand before our departure.

Jocal. To ſave you that trouble, I'll take leave firſt:
Here are other Ladies that may deſerve your civilities. [*Offers to go.*

Swiftſp. By no means, Madam; thy raſh demeanour reflects too much on us both.

Trainſt. Rather than ſo, Lady, I'll ſpend my Spring and *October* here, though it take from my uſual converſe in other places.

Jocal. A kinde compliance, I confeſs.

Swiftſp. Nothing at all, Madam, to what I dare aſſure you: beſides, this friend of mine may have a more particular occaſion.
The truth is, he feeds and ſets his Runners much by his own care, 'tis well known to *Bowſer* and my ſelf: for which reaſon you may diſpenſe if you pleaſe.

Bowſ. How! I abhor this Placket-wheedling: Let me not live, Lady, if it be truth well intended; rather diſpatch ſomebody elſe if you think fit. *Trainſted*, if thou let'ſt this Go-by paſs, maiſt thou never more win Match.

Jocal. I have conſidered; by your favour, Mr. *Trainſted*, a word with you, Sir.

Trainſt.

Trainſt. Your pleaſure, Madam?

Jocal. I ſuppoſe you have your Purſe of Gold about you?

Trainſt. At your ſervice, if it contained Millions.

Jocal. You dare truſt me with it?

Trainſt. Truſt you, Madam! a meer favour that you'll receive it; I have credit enough, I hope, to diſcharge my Wagers otherwiſe, if it muſt be ſo. [*Delivers his Purſe.*

Jocal. You'll finde me faithful.

Trainſt. You have given me aſſurance.

Jocal. You'll not remove now, and tell your friends, in caſe your ready money fail, I keep your ſtakes.

Trainſt. A Sweep-ſtakes indeed!

Swiftſp. A meer neglect of thee, I knew 'twould come to this; that ſo ready a Brain as thine could not perceive it!

Trainſt. I may perhaps conſter it otherwiſe: Women have many wiles, or I finde her too handſome to chide with: 'twas five hundred Guineys, and ſhould I forfeit for want of depoſiting, with ſome ill natur'd Betters? but no matter---- Your Servant, Lady.

Jocal. You'll not be gone to night?

Trainſt. If poſſible; what ſhall I do? the very caſt of her Eye will detain me in ſpite of my beloved Racing: At preſent I'll remove however---- Come along, Horſemen, you'll finde my ſpleen move chearfully in ſpite of fate. [*Exit* Trainſted *and* Jockies.

Bowſ. I'll follow him.

Swiftſp. Not yet, *Bowſer*, we'll rather overtake him on the Road.

Bowſ. I have enough of this ſort of Game, I thank you.

Swiftſp. Let me perſwade thee; I know there are ſome here may take it amiſs.

Jocal. I am all Air, and could leap upwards to think how I have laid my deſigne.

Clev. What, ſurpriz'd, *Jocalin?*

Jocal. A movement I remembred of my laſt dance.

Swiftſp. Ladies, I beg your pardon, I withdrew a little with this Gentleman, and have ſhew'd him ſuch a Jennet of mine the beſt of your Sex might borrow Thighs on, 'tis ſuch a Let-down creature.

Jocal. Your Horſe is much beholden to you.

Swiftſp. Not ſo, Lady; he that loves his Horſe generouſly,

will love Woman in abundance —— Is't not ſo, *Bowſer?*

Jocal. A free humour.

Bowſ. Let's proceed to our Field-ſports firſt, ſtretch our Limbs well as the Morning breaks, and the Hounds run heartily: for Woman, let fleſh and blood finde her as occaſion ſerves:
There's ſuch delays in this Town, they ſicken Recreation.

Clev. A Huntſman to purpoſe.

Swiftſp. But to do what thou know'ſt on with one of theſe, *Bowſer*, were more than a chace with *Diana* and her Hounds together.

Clev. What luſty things theſe men of pleaſure are!

Enter Quickthrift, Plodwell *and* Nonſuch. Breakbond *at another Door.*

Quickth. They have ſure amus'd my Lawyer.

Plod. I intend to make no ſuch Bencher, Lady.

Swiftſp. I am once more thine, *Paſſal*, with thy friends——
I had almoſt forgot thee, *Breakbond*; if thou com'ſt to our next Race, borrow money there if thou canſt.

Breakb. Or I'll out-bet you all there; 'tis in my power to ſtake a fair one at every Miles end, win her who can.

Swiftſp. A wager above all; thou ſhalt ride my beſt Galloper to bid thee welcom.

Clev. This is mirth indeed, *Jocalin.*

Jocal. I hope ſo---- What ſay you, Sir *Ralph?*

Nonſuch. Why, this is to be underſtood, Ladies, that if pleaſure be duely appropriated, it may conduce ſomething.

Paſſ. Or a politick capacity for a Girl in private; is't not ſo, Knight?

Mald. You have touch'd too near the Quick there.

Clev. Is there no Muſick here?

Nonſuch. My houſe affords it, Lady; I permit a ſober affectation of pleaſures in all kindes.

Paſſ. And now and then a *Pricknote* beſides, if I miſtake not.

Swiftſp. I'll joyn my ſteps here. [*To* Jocalin.

Bowſ. Such a meaſure as had turns and doubles like a hunted Hare I ſhould like heartily.

Nonſuch. You'll excuſe me, Ladies; though I be full of pleaſure in conceits, my great Toe is ſomewhat indiſpos'd. [*Sits down.*

Clev.

Clev. Or in your Milk-diet perhaps, as 'tis uſual with ſome heavie Politicians to refreſh that way.

Swiftſp. Start apace, Muſick---- [*The Dance is ended.*

Clev. Me thought Mr. *Plodwel* mov'd towardly.

Quickth. I confeſs, with ſomewhat more grace than the Grave of the Inns of Court move round their Fire at Chriſtmas.

Swiftſp. Who leads, Gentlemen?

Paſſ. My hand to ſerve you.

Mald. Or mine.

Clev. Both, if you pleaſe.

Paſſ. More Riddles yet!

Breakb. Away with this Ceremony, a thing in women I leaſt forgive.

Plod. Then I'll conduct you. [*Takes* Quickthrift *by the hand.*

Quickth. So confident o'th' ſudden!

Plod. Do not I tread tolerably?--- Your judgement, Ladies?

Breakb. God-a-mercy Lawyer, I begin to love thee.

Plod. Me thinks I quicken ſtrangely; ſhall we have t'other dance?

Quickth. Is't poſſible?

Swiftſp. In my Conſcience he's a good Horſeman too; and that's much for a Student.

Clev. Enough at this time---- Our thanks, Knight.

Plod. By your leave, Ladies.

Plodwel *leads:*

And ſo ends the Second ACT.

ACT the Third.

Enter Maldrin, *leading of* Glevly.

Clev. WHere left you *Paſſal?*

Mald. I know not well, Lady.

Clev. Your Addreſs is not ſo welcome then.

Mald. Call it my fault, Madam.

Clev. That's ſomething handſome, I confeſs, a ſingle and ſolitary Courtſhip; why every Chamber-maid has it on moſt Holydays: I muſt not think on't.

Mald. That I ſhould mingle Love with my other concerns.

Clev. Not that I'de have you fall below your merit; I know you have been a Souldier, and deſerve a handſome recompenſe, though men of your Complexion are not always fortunate to finde it, as ſome may read your Stars.

Mald. Your ſmiles may make them more propitious, with pardon, Madam.

Enter Paſſal.

Paſſ. How is't, Lady? — Me thinks thou art not chearful, friend.

Mald. Never better, I know not well for what cauſe.

Paſſ. Why then, 'tis as it ſhould be, is't not, *Frank?*

Mald. I hope ſo.

Clev. Or I have an Intrigue ſhall oblige you both.

Paſſ. Again reverting?

Clev. The very ſame--- There's no ſuch odneſs in you both, or either, but I may admit your Rivaldry.

Mald. She has thrown me back again.

Clev. A thing very familiar with Ladies that have but two Servants--- Or ſuppoſe I think a way to increaſe the merit of one in the worth of both, would this poſe you?

Paſſ. Next to the Cat with nine Lives, a double ſoul'd Woman! you have two Hands, two Feet, no other Member of Love that muſt be doubly ſuppli'd.

Clev. So you'll joyn Honour to't, our Senſes cannot differ much.

Mald. Speak it, Lady.

Clev. Take it in a word then: 'Tis which of you two ſhall impoſe the moſt worthy action on me.

Paſſ. To be commanded by us!

Clev. Moſt obediently: There's nothing more common than for Women to command Men; every ſmall Addreſs has it: wherefore I'll invert it to oblige more fully.

Mald. A Paradox I have not met with.

Clev. You have time to ſtudy it. [*Exit* Clevly.

Mald.

Mald. To impoſe on her, 'tis an odde Devoir, and yet me thinks looks generous.

Paſſ. Abating that expreſſion, I ſhould have ſworn that thou and I ſhould have come the Caſter with her by turns.

Mald. She's fair, and no leſs worthy.

Paſſ. But how to pleaſure ſuch fair and worthy Fleſh and Blood, and not the direct way of Nature, is ſuch a Mizmaze to Manhood ---

Mald. 'Tis certain ſhe loves one of us.

Paſſ. And could we not rather wiſh ſhe was enamour'd of us both, unleſs either of us underſtood her better?
To deliver ſuch Problems of Love as make Senſe itch to reſolve em, and yet cannot, 'twas not ſo kinde in her Ladyſhip, I conceive.

Mald. I cannot help it.

Paſſ. Suppoſe one of us bid her adieu; were it not as well? prethee tell me; thou know'ſt I love thee.

Mald. I grant it; but I'faith I cannot do ſo much for your ſake.

Paſſ. Would thou could'ſt then. [*Aſide.*
Or no matter, we are friends, and we'll love together, and heartily.

Mald. Let's walk and think.

Paſſ. As chearfully as poſſible.

Mald. Thy Hand to aſſure me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Luce *and* Whiffler.

Luce. No eye near us? [*Looks about.*

Whiff. None but mine, and that does make ſuch a pretty Infant in thine. Prethee try whether thou canſt ſee it and our ſelves together in my Looking-glaſs. [*Offers his Glaſs, and ſings.*

The Song.

BY the Lilies of thy Cheeks, and the Roſes of mine,
By every ſoft dimple,
And every pretty twinkle
That conveys my Beauty to thine;
Let me decoy thee as my Duck,
And next teach thee to give ſuck,
Or my face I behold wants luck.

2.

See how my wanton-eye-babes invite thee:
Or what tickles above meaſure,
Take me ſprucely together,
My fineneſs I'll yield to delight thee.
And ſhould'ſt thou clip more refine
Than French or Engliſh when they twine,
My Delicaſs thou't prove ſublime.

Luce. But I have to do with ſuch a cautious ſinner, and one that ſtudies to make me wiſe.

Whiff. Hang him, courſe Looby, he has no countenance in his face that intimates the agility of a neat Wencher.
Thou ſhalt know me in part by this extraordinary kiſs.

Luce. You take me to be a Wench, I perceive---- But were you not a handſome Man, and one that has money ——

Whiff. Here's this Ring, I have half the Exchange in my head beſides for thee.

Luce. God Lord! and what a fine man are you?

Whiff. Anon I'll make thy Limbs ſo ſupple in my Bath, thou canſt not imagine: It ſhall be of white Bread and Milk, or Curds and Cream, take which thou lik'ſt.

Enter Pricknote.

Luce. But ſee, you muſt needs withdraw, Sir——
Here's one of Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* his Rabbet-catchers:
There's ſcarce a Ferret ſees further into a Coney-hole.

Whiff. Thou know'ſt where to meet; I am gone, *Luce.*

Luce. Hold a little, your Purſe of Guineys firſt. [*Gives his Purſe.*
Away now. [*Exit* Whiffler.
Who would not truſt Heaven ſomewhat to cozen Fools and Knaves?

Prickn. Mrs. *Luce* here, I ſhould not have thought it.
Moſt happily met, ſweet Mrs. *Luce.*

Luce. Thanks, kinde *Pricknote.*

Prickn. I could ſay ſomething more, gentle Mrs. *Luce*,——

Luce. Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* his Intelligencer, but no matter.

Prickn. Thou art fair indeed, Mrs. *Luce*; I could almoſt compoſe a Canticle, and dedicate it to thee; ſo much the breath of my mouth does warm my words.

Luce.

Luce. Ha, ha, ha! an amour of his towards too!

Prickn. Or, thou art more than my *Rebecca* unto me *Iſaac.*

Luce. A married Publican, it ſeems!

Prickn. Thy Knight is moſt candid, I confeſs; no craneys of ſuſpition to be found on his Brow; thou maiſt conceive me.

Luce. And conceive by thee, in a Temporal ſenſe: Is't not ſo, *Sneak-face?*

Prickn. Surely I might do much for your ſake.

Luce. Or get a ſcurvy Chriſtian ſuitable to the method of your own baptizing: well, you are a *Pricknote* indeed; and ſhould Sir *Ralph* know it —

Prickn. Good honey Mrs.

Luce. And what a compleat Siſter of your Brother-hood you might enter me in your Note-book.

Prickn. For my Exhibition-ſake ſpare me, together with my Wife and ſix Children, that moſt devoutly pray for't.

Luce. Well, I'll excuſe you for once, ſo you tell my tale to the Knight, and your own effectually: I know you Phanaticks can lie of courſe.

Prickn. More than kinde Mrs. I thank you.

Luce. What a world of Love and Zeal is this? — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ralph Nonſuch, *and* Plodwel.

Nonſuch. I confeſs, Coſen *Plodwel*, that your deportment is acceptable enough; but you may yet want inſtruction: for, look you, Sir, it is a certain dexterity of the Age we live in, to be ſerious and vain together, I can teſtifie it.

Plod. Indeed, Sir Kinſman!

Nonſuch. Take it in pleaſure and intereſt, what is it but a complicating together of ſo many nothings with as many ſomethings?

Plod. And you have prov'd it, Knight?

Nonſuch. I may perhaps, and hopefully too: But to come nearer your purpoſe, I finde the Lady of your Addreſs has ſome ſcruples ſlip from her I know not how: She's beautiful, and that implies a handſome ſomething; or at worſt, joyn'd to a more tolerable inſignificacy, the very pleaſure that ſome may take, even of our Sex, ſo they be held improper and uſeful together, either to Church or State.

Plod.

Plod. The Politicks of a Nothing indeed!

Nonſuch. 'Tis true, ſhe hinted ſomething of Money and Prayers, but I would not have you ſtart at her devotion therefore. Perhaps ſhe may be of all, or of no Religion, as is common with ſome beautiful and parſimonious Ladies: There's an exceſs, or intricate delight, in ſome ſenſe allowable to moſt Complexions.

Plod. But I honour Government and Law, remember that, Sir.

Nonſuch. So do moſt, provided they get by either; whence I conceive proceeds the very ſober vanity of the Factious: There's no courting Mankinde to be honeſt, now a days, without their particular emoluments; your Law cannot do it otherwiſe.

Plod. The greater ſhame to the perverſe Genius of our Nation. Can there be a more high inducement than to be legally good, or to ſubmit to the divine perfection of Reaſon form'd into Law? Believe me, Sir, it ſhall guide my civil being. Nay, from it too I'll own my Love, I'll bed no ſuch irregularity in Nature that does not grant it's due humanity with mine, and thence deduce my future happineſs.

Nonſuch. But thou art ſo inclin'd to miſtake, *Plodwel!* I told thee there would be ever delicious Intrigues both legal and illegal, or not improperly mix'd, if formally apprehended.

Plod. A Fop of ſome gravity.

Prickn. Mrs. *Luce*, Sir--- [*Enter* Pricknote *in haſte.*

Nonſuch. How, *Pricknote!*

Prickn. Was going, or might have gone.

Nonſuch. Gone, ſaiſt thou?

Pricknote. Even perhaps aſtray, had ſhe not returned with me.

Nonſuch. I'll double thy Exhibition for that, immediately, *Pricknote* — Nay, *Luce*, the ſame miſdemeanour again, *Luce?* [Luce *peeps.*

Plod. Have I found you, Knight? [*Aſide.*

Luce. Is not this Company ſerious enough, Sir? [*Enter* Luce. But I can ſubmit.

Nonſuch. I know thou canſt.

Luce. You'll not forget my Velvet-gown.

Nonſuch. 'Tis beſpoke already — Away, and ſee dinner be provided. I come immediately. [*Exit* Luce.

Pricknote,

Prickn. thou ſhalt eat with us, I know thou art often hungry.

Prickn. I thank you, Sir.

Nonſuch. A friend of mine that had ſome ſerious buſineſs with me.

Plod. Some of your ſerious vanity, I ſuppoſe.

Nonſuch. You'll excuſe my diſpatch. [*Exit* Nonſ. *and* Prickn.

Plod. A ſudden affair doubtleſs — But enough of your counſel, Knight.----

She's here. *Enter* Quickthrift.

Quickth. Me thinks he alters ſomething---You have heard I am proud, Sir.

Plod. And covetous too; but as you pleaſe.

Quickth. Grant me both, or ſuch a Lady that values her profit by her pleaſure. One that knows how to beſtow four of your beſt Terms on a Gown or Coach; or when the Town affords a choice Gem, or Necklace, ſend you and your Clerk immediately to buy it for my uſe:

'Tis enough if your Eſtate and Vocation, with my own beſt frugality, be ſubſervient to an ingenious expence; a thing not ſo frequent with very deep Pen-men.

Plod. You may be obſerved in all — As I conceive, Madam.

Quickth. Or ſhould it ſowre the Complexion of a new-fledg'd Advocate, that perhaps ſcarce knows how to wear the Wings of his Gown neatly on his ſhoulders — Am I not right, Sir?

Plod. Moſt exceedingly — That an honourable Profeſſion ſhould be thought to derogate from the eſteem of a Gentleman---- But I am prepar'd.

Quickth. And be ſo, I ſuppoſe your Scribe has drawn the Writings.

Plod. He's ſomething ſlow, I confeſs, Lady.

Quickth. No matter, there are men in the world that have as good Feet and Legs as moſt of your ſedentary Complexion.

Plod. Take who you pleaſe, or can.

Quickth. Indeed Sir, and thus Cockt, and Capt too!

Plod. I own no movement but what ſuits a Gentleman: Nay more, I'll throw off all beſides to make me yours, or any other you ſhall judge moſt worthy of your choice: and this perhaps your own way too.

Quickth. Why, now you riſe indeed! proceed.

Plod. 'Tis warmly in my Brain——
You'll give me leave to take my Study for a while? [*Exit* Plod.

Enter Clevly.

Quickth. There's more than I expected in him.

Clev. Mr. *Plodwel* gone already?

Quickth. In ſome haſte, I know not well the cauſe.

Clev. You are not too ſevere, I hope?

Quickth. When I know his deſerts better, your Ladyſhip may have an account. In mean time me thinks there's more than one Genius meet in him.

Clev. That is to ſay, the Lawyer and the Gentleman, if I take him right; a briſker motive to your Love, Madam, ſince theſe Complexions are not always united.

Quickth. I muſt think better —— Your excuſe, Lady.

Clev. I'll withdraw with you. [*Exeunt* Quickth. *and* Clev.

Enter Jockeys *at ſeveral Doors.*

3 *Jock.* And are we met once more here? Let's clap our Whips for joy: [*They laſh Whips.*
Or what if we laſh'd our ſelves a little, for loſing one another I know not how?

2 *Jock.* Well thought on, *Jack*; I care not much if we begin with thy Back, *Rowland*: we miſs'd thee about *Whetſtone*'s-park. 'Tis odds but thou did'ſt ſlip into a faulty corner there. But no matter, anon the Jug ſhall go round on Horſeback, and ſo excuſe our neglects.

1 *Jock.* If I back my Galloper again, I'll give him an extraordinary laſh for the Oats he has ſo lazily devour'd in this Cockney-dominion.

4 *Jock.* I commend thee, *Tom*; and for my Steed, he begins to look ſowrely on me in the Stable; I apprehend he has a growing Head, I finde it already in that lubberly ſlave the Hoſtler, who takes no more care of him than a Jaylor does of his Priſoner—— There will be money wanted amongſt us, I ſuppoſe.

3 *Jock.* But we have a *Swiftſpur* and *Trainſted* that will diſcharge all: One or other of them never yet fail'd us to go on the beſt runner; or what is better, ſo much to nothing unleſs they were winners.

5 *Jock.*

5 *Jock.* Well remembred, Fellow-horſemen; and ſo in caſe of the worſt, we'll pay 'em again out of their own winnings.

4 *Jock.* Nothing better: well, this Racing is a moſt noble ſort of Recreation, ſince it undoes Gentlemen to raiſe Grooms, bleſſing on their Hearts for it.

1 *Jock.* Here comes *Bowſer*, one of ſportive expedition indeed.

Enter Bowſer.

And how go matters, Sir?

Bowſ. Not ſo chearfully as I could wiſh, *Tom.* I bluſh to think what a Truant I have been to Time; beſides, my Purſe begins to be thin, and indiſpos'd too.

1 *Jock.* If I did not bode it, hang me.

5 *Jock.* And at ſuch a time too, when our Horſes and we are like to pinch for want of due Provender.

Bowſ. There's no ſubſiſting for a kinde Complexion here; what between expence, lending, with ſuch other gratuities to wanting Gentlemen, that, like the beſt ſort of Beggars, provide for their idle poverties, chiefly here, a man is worried with ſuch a reſtleſs charity.

1 *Jock.* I hope you ſay not this by way of prevention, Mr. *Bowſer?*

Bowſ. Not I, believe me. And for our other friends, if their Guineys do not make a looſe on the Bones of four Dice, or ſink into ſome Wenches Pocket, according to the adventures of Town-gallants, there may be hopes of moving yet.

2 *Jock.* Otherwiſe, may a She-devil accompany all the Animals. I care not if I do not love my Cheſnut-mare ſo well as I have done, for the ſame reaſon.

Enter Jocalin *and* Trainſted.

Bowſ. Here comes one of thoſe we wanted; ſhe with him too! 'tis ſomething ominous, but no matter.

Jocal. I did not think the Town could have contain'd you to this minute; but you found cauſe, it ſeems!

Trainſt. I were more than far unworthy, ſhould I neglect the leaſt of your ſmiles.

Enter Swiftſpur.

Swiftſp. Trainſted already with her?

There's no truſt to the blood of Jockeys.

Jocal. And take this more: the confidence you did ſo willingly repoſe in me, does oblige my thoughts in ſome near degree to ſerve you.

Swiftſp. I like not this.

Trainſt. Swiftſpur, come.

Swiftſp. By my life, I could chide thee, a man of thy ſpeed, and not going yet; I meant to call thee.

Bowſ. A word, Mr. *Trainſted*, do not leave the Town until thou haſt firſt wearied him out on't; thou maiſt have reaſon; beſides, there's no way to ſpite him like it, on all our accounts.

Trainſt. I thank thee — And do'ſt thou not perceive who may take horſe firſt now, *Swiftſpur?* where is the Brains you talked on?

Swiftſp. I am a Calves-head if I could not finde in my heart with ſome diſdain to be gone inſtantly, and be it ſo--- farewel, Madam. [*Offers to go.*

Jocal. Hold a little, Sir. What if I bet with a Lady in your behalf?

Swiftſp. Nay then I am with thee again: ſhe comes about, *Trainſted*, juſt taking of my Nag's part againſt thine.

Jocal. But moſt convenient to make Stakes out of your Purſe, I ſuppoſe 'tis about you.

Swiftſp. Nothing more ready at your ſervice, Madam; ſhe has thine already too; a mere device of hers to hold thee in Town to bear me company; I knew it all along.

Jocal. Behold me, Men of Metal; do not theſe ring handſomely, Yours, and yours, and yours, and yours, Sirs? there's no broad Gold in either, is there?

Swiftſp. About ſixſcore Two-and-twenties in mine, Madam.

Jocal. Very good, I know of a Diamond-ring may fit me about that price — Or, now I conſider better, take your Purſes again: and if you think fit, remove together; I perceive you love one another's ſociety.

Swiftſp. I cannot, will not leave thee.

Trainſt. If I might, I would not.

Jocal. Then welcome both: and who ſhall direct the ſetting of the Runners now, Gentlemen?

Trainſt. It gives me ſome melancholy to think on't.

Swiftſp.

Swiftſp. Well enough, I'll warrant thee; here are theſe we'll ſend before us to take care.

Trainſt. Or let us venture a while longer, 'tis but giving 'em ſome Crowns to drink, and ſtay for us.

Swiftſp. Beſt of all, here's money amongſt you, Horſemen; at your Lodgings you'll finde Meat and Wine, beſides — Nay, no repining.

1 *Jock.* I ſhould not, were it not for that kinde lovely *Beſs* of mine I left at the Star at *Newmarket*; I cannot chuſe but let fall a warm tear to think how I want her.

Swiftſp. And he that refuſes this Lady's health, ſhall beſtride no Courſer of mine.

Omnes Jock. Agreed, agreed.

2 *Jock.* Away, and whilſt his money laſts, at worſt we'll be merry.

1 *Jock.* Or I'll drink and weep together. [*Exeunt* Jockeys.

Swiftſp. Madam, you have not yet vouchſafed the favour of your hand.

Trainſt. Or what think'ſt, if thou and I draw Guts for't, *Swiftſpur?* I dare wager with thee that way too.

Jocal. You ſhall excuſe me, Sir; unleſs I judge which of you may beſt deſerve the longeſt trifle.
See who comes here.

Enter Clevly.

Clev. Theſe Mounters are the men, it ſeems, *Jocalin*: But take a care you love not Riding the better for 'em.

Jocal. Look to your own Intrigue, Lady; if I cannot ſo far weary Fleſh and Blood, the good nature of Love is the more oblig'd by me.

Enter Breakbond.

Swiftſp. Our friend *Breakbond*?

Breakb. And reſolv'd to be enter'd a Horſeman for your ſakes, and yours, Ladies.

Clev. But not to jade us, I ſuppoſe?

Breakb. Let me have Sports, Women, and Money, and let the World turn round, 'twill ſerve my Syſtem well enough.

Swiftſp. How I could hugg thy friendſhip! What ſaiſt thou, *Bowſer?* *Bowſer.*

Bows. This Town, this wearisom Town, there's no Game starts here, but what's under a Petticoat.

Jocal. God-a-mercy, Huntsman!

Swiftsp. Lady, my respects are yours,

Jocal. I suppose it, Sir; but here's Mr. *Breakbond* has such an universal affection to our Sex!

Breakb. And will, Ladies, so long as I can either give or borrow.

Clev. And buy Love that way, after the manner of some Gallanteries.

Breakb. Seldome or never, Madam; where I affect, I finde Women in abundance that will bestow that toy on me: a Gentleman may go less on trust for Love than Apples, if he please.

Clev. But you have friends, I judge, that share with you in such Intrigues sometimes.

Breakb. And welcome too, so they borrow what I am willing to lend, not otherwise.

Clev. An odde humour!

Jocal. And yet, me thinks, pleasant.

Breakb. Or, where I cannot oblige handsomely to my humour, I give my friend leave to do it for my sake and his own together.

Clev. A borrowing and giving of Love indeed!

Breakb. A more eternal thing, Ladies, than Generation and Corruption, if I mistake not.

Jocal. Enough to make us smile and blush together.

Clev. You want no Money, Sir?

Breakb. No, 'faith, Lady, I have just enough to give at this time, I thank Providence.

Swiftsp. Let me not live, if thy company be not worth half *Newmarket.*

Bows. That so sacred a place of Recreation should be so profan'd! Had I but so much as my Horn here, to quicken this dull time a little, 'twere somewhat towards sport.

Swiftsp. And if thou had'st, thou should'st blow up a Jubile to Love and Mirth at once, Rogue.

Bows. Still love in your way.

Enter Waiting-woman.

Swiftsp. So much in haste, that a man cannot duely laugh, and

sport

ſport with his friends, were too much a fault. Beſides, we have made an appointment to match and frolick, where thou ſhalt hear *Trainſted* talk ſo cunningly odde, that he'll catch Betters before they gather his meaning or their own.

Bowſ. A man would think that Jockeys were begotten in haſte, yet act with ſo many dilatory circumſtances: well, give me the merry Huntſman that ſports apace daily.

Jocal. Haſt found the place?

Wait. I have; and can direct you, Madam.

Jocal. Enough, be gone — [*Exit* Waiter.

Touch and take, ſtart and away, God-a-mercy *Tick-tack.*

Trainſt. And the Tick-tack-Mare too, next Woman-kinde there was not ſuch a She-creature — *Swiftſpur*, I finde my ſpleen does palliate ſomething.

Swiftſp. I knew thou would'ſt have patience for my ſake. More of our Friends!

Enter Paſſal, *and* Maldrin.

Mald. Who ſhall give off thinking firſt now, *Paſſal?* art not weary yet?

Paſſ. No 'faith: and yet I love it as little as poſſible.

Mald. Or do'ſt not perceive ſhe's above what Senſe can reach?

Paſſ. She's no Woman, if ſhe be, do what her wit can do —

Swiftſp. O Friends, we miſt your mirth; here's *Breakbond*, and *Break-jeſt* too in abundance.

Breakb. Paſſal, and *Maldrin*, your Hands; and next, be frolick; 'tis Woman that expects it.

Mald. Excuſe us a little.

Jocal. I knew you'd poſe your Servants.

Breakb. Is this an age to be provok'd with Love's Riddles?

Clev. Not I, believe me; and for *Maldrin*, you know his publick merit may a little ſtick on his ſpirit; he has been a Souldier, is't not ſo, Sir?

Mald. But had never ſuch an onſet to make in the field of *Cupid* before, I thank my Stars. My Friend and I, Lady, have conſider'd.

Clev. Very good.

Paſſ. But to impoſe on a Lady, or to oblige her to bed with one of us two Men, were ſuch a crime----

Clev. Is this what I expected, *Paſſal?* What ſay you, *Maldrin?*

Mald.

Mald. I know not, except you pleaſe to think for me.

Clev. Dull things, that cannot command a Woman to merit takingly! you'll think again, I ſuppoſe.

Paſſ. Think, Lady? perhaps one or both of us may dream at night; what ſaiſt thou, friend?

Mald. A dozen to one on't.

Clev. Then dream inſtead of thinking; there may be worth in that.

Paſſ. But how to convey it warm enough to your Ladyſhip, that's another Querie.

Clev. When your thoughts are more mature, you may acquaint me.

Paſſ. That Love ſhould impoſe ſo unhappily on my humour, as thinking amounts to.

Mald. And could'ſt reproach me for't? but 'tis no matter.

[Paſſ. *and* Mald. *whiſper.*

Clev. Jocalin, your hand; 'tis time we walk.

[*Exeunt* Clev. *and* Jocal.

Swiftſp. By that caſt of her eye, ſhe could have taken mine as willingly. *Bowſer*, there's ſport behinde, I'll warrant thee.

Bowſ. If my Limbs tarniſh not in the mean time with keeping *London* company.

Breakb. At night we'll drink, perhaps have a Covey at the Dog and Partridge.

Bowſ. Or tame Coneys in couples, according to the Town-mode.

Swiftſp. Come, Horſemen, you know our haſte.

[*Exeunt* Swiftſp. Trainſt, *and* Bowſ.

Mald. Since 'tis thus, give me thy hand, *Paſſal*; we muſt needs think again, it ſeems.

Paſſ. That word Thinking —— Well, I'll bear thee company.

[*Exeunt.*

The end of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE the Firſt.

The Scene opens with the 3d and 4th Jockey *mounted on the ſhapes of two Horſes.*

3 *Jock.* ARe not we mounted in conceit, *Keſter?*

4 *Jock.* What elſe, *Rowland?* and theſe the beloved Figures of the moſt noble Courſers of the laſt age.

3 *Jock.* For which reaſon, I conceive it no ſmall happineſs, though but in imagination, to beſtride 'em thus.

4 *Jock.* Nothing better; I itch all over to be at any thing like Whip and Spur.

3 *Jock.* Now, ſuppoſe our ſelves running on the four-mile Heath.

4 *Jock.* Then I ſuppoſe my Roan is holden on thee the firſt mile.

3 *Jock.* Have at thee on the ſecond going up *Choak-jade*, or at the Ditch: *Whiteroſe* was a whole Runner there.

4 *Jock.* No more of the Devil's-ditch, prethee; I had a Cup in my Pate laſt night, and dream'd I was near it in earneſt. But have at thee for the Flat; I am ſure I muſt have overſtroken thee there, and ſo throughout —

Enter the other Jockeys.

They come; let us ſit thus, and ſurprize 'em.

1 *Jock.* A pox on this indigeſted *London*-liquor, its beſt eſſence is fit for nothing but to beget a crude ſort of Females, that are ſo impudent to turn up their Creſcents by Moon-light.

2 *Jock.* And for its unſodden fulſome Ale, 'tis onely uſeful to thicken the Waſtes of Tailers to the uſe of their Wives: though the Villains ſit frequently croſs-legg'd, they commonly eſpouſe greater *Pagans* than themſelves.

1 *Jock.* I fear by my Compaſs I am plump'd above weight; and

what a misfortune were that to a well-reputed Jockey?
Were it amiſs, friends, to think of a She-waſter?

2 *Jock.* And ſo put the Pox in the Scales with thee, 'tis better to ride over-balanc'd ſomewhere — Well, *Keſter* and *Rowland* are pretious Knaves to be wanting, and our Chiefs juſt coming hither.

5 *Jock.* See, here they are, and, if my eyes dazzle not, mounted too!

4 *Jock.* To your wonder, fellow-horſemen: behold the figure of moſt ineſtimable *White-roſe!*

3 *Jock.* And this of matchleſs *Roan-dutton!*

[*They leap off the ſhapes of the Horſes.*

We have rode a four-mile Courſe with 'em in conceit too.
The next thing we do, ſhall be to preſent 'em to our Patroons.

4 *Jock.* But I'll have *Swiftſpur* to have both, by your leave.

3 *Jock.* How, both?

4 *Jock.* Yes, both, or I'll ſcourge thee into better manners.

3 *Jock.* Indeed, Sir — [*Offer to laſh one another.*

1 *Jock.* Hold, fools, I'll give you reaſon: Mr. *Swiftſpur* is a man of Eſtate, at preſent has a Country-hall, he'll judge adorn'd with their remembrance, and think 'em his beſt Monuments.
For *Trainſted*, he's a Sojourner with his Horſes, and putting aſide his good fortune, Maſter of little as yet.

Omn. Jock. Content, content; we can be but well requited, let's joyn hands on't.

Enter Swiftſpur, Trainſted, *and* Bowſer.

1 *Jock.* See, you are preſented, Sir.

Swiftſp. I know their fame, and have not ſeen better figures of theſe excellent Runners; you ſhall receive my full thanks: Such ſhapely Lineaments, as might ſhame the Trophy of *Bucephalus!*

Trainſt. And that *Macedonian* Greatneſs it's Erector.

Swiftſp. To ſay truth, he had been a pleaſant Gentleman, had he underſtood a running Horſe as well as Wine and Women.

[*Table and Bottles.*

Trainſt. It may be ſome ſuch lubberly Steed as the French Monſieur uſually manages. I conceive him to have been at moſt but a good Trotter.

Swiftſp. Come, ſit, give me the Liſt, *Trainſted.* [*They ſit down.*

Let

Let me ſee twenty two Matches immediately enſuing.

1 *Jock.* May they prove lucky: I have been half undone with laying the odds laſt meeting.

Swift. For my part, I intend to bet freely; you know my way, friends.

Bowſ. Would we were on the place firſt.

Swiftſp. Thou art ſo earneſt ſtill to follow Yopers, that make ſo much haſte to devour a ſimple Hare. Remember to be more ſparing of the King's Game, leſt his pleaſure want it: Speak your opinions, Horſemen.

2 *Jock.* My opinion is, that *Bay-luſty* may have a good match on't.

Swiftſp. But, I muſt not forget how *Tick-tack* handled him. I never ſaw a better Looſe run up *Choak-jade.*

Trainſt. There I am with thee, *Swiftſpur*; and for *Have-at-all*, he's a hearty runner, doubtleſs.

Swiftſp. But the misfortune of the Scotch Horſe!

3 *Jock.* Curſe light on him, he has loſt me Money, when I thought I was more than ſure on't. [*Aſide.*

Swiftſp. To ſtumble on a black Coat, was ſuch a fate for that Horſe!----

Trainſt. A Book-man that rode with Spurs, yet knew not how to apply 'em to his Horſe by riding out of the way.

Bowſ. Or as 'tis frequent with ſuch men, to be in their own way and other mens together..

Swiftſp. But what ſay you to *Red-roſe*, Gentlemen? he ſeems Peerleſs hitherto?

1 *Jock.* If to be judged by the laſt Courſe he made, he was not concern'd there.

Swiftſp. And runs a Wind long and ſmartly; a Woman would not wiſh to make a briſker Courſe under her Rider.

Bowſ. There will be a Wench in our way, I prognoſticate. [*Aſide.*

Trainſt. 'Tis granted him.

Swiftſp. And next, let me adviſe thee, *Trainſted*, to take care how thou do'ſt truſt too many Guineys on Iron-grays; they are a ſort of ill-natur'd beaſt, I can tell you.

Trainſt. I thank you, Sir.

Swiftſp. But what for the Geldings Match?

3 *Jock.* Both Jades, it may be: Give me a creature that is not prun'd in thoſe parts.

Bowſ. Spoke like a Horſeman.

Swiftſp. And a Womans man too, *Bowſer:* He could be no ſportive Humanity, that firſt made Eunuch of Man or Animal. Give me ſome Wine; here's a health to his Majeſty, he's our pleaſure and being in all kindes. [*They drink.*

And next let's have a Song.

The Song.

1.

THough ſports of the Field
Their pleaſures may yield,
As the Hound or the Horſe doth run:
Yet there's no ſuch delight
As the Bed at night,
Where Woman is ſureſt won.

2.

Let men ſport, drink, or play,
Or take buſineſs in their way,
The Females Intrigue will be
The paſtime at laſt,
Which Nature does moſt haſte,
To ſtart with her he and ſhe.

3.

Then Love is man's pleaſure,
And will be his leiſure,
What reſpites ſoe're it make:
As Women dreſs at home,
Or from abroad Men come,
'Tis odds they would it partake.

Towards the end of the Song, Jocalin *paſſeth with her* Waiter *over the Stage, and drops her Glove.*

Swiftſp. What have I here? her Glove——— Nay, her Name written

written within it too! —— And next a Dance, Horſemen.

[*A dance of* Jockeys, *with their Whips in their Hands.*

Bowſ. There's not ſuch a Town as this in *Europe*, to detaine men in't when they leaſt think on't!

Swiftſp. Thou art ſo miſtaken now, I was juſt thinking to match *Wagtail* this night; I forgot to tell thee on't.

Bowſ. I gueſs what *Wagtail* you mean: If I ſtay long here, I ſhall fall foul on my Waſher-woman, do what I can.

Enter Waiter, *and delivers a cloſed Paper to* Trainſted.

Trainſt. To me, Gentlewoman?

Wait. And from Madam *Jocalin* too.

Trainſt. 'Tis welcome.

Wait. I am glad on't for your ſake: But ſhe bids me let you know, that 'tis her deſire you ſhould not open it till ſhe gives leave.

Trainſt. Not open it! What ſhould it mean---- Let her know I ſalute it thus, and will obſerve ſtrictly her Commands. One word more; do'ſt think ſhe affects me?

Wait. What elſe, Sir? I have heard her commend juſt ſuch a brown or Nutmeg-complexion as yours.

Trainſt. Enough, here's for the----- I cannot but once more kiſs it. [*Gives her money.*

Swiftſp. Come, let's prepare.

Omn. Jock. Upon condition we ride poſt by our own Horns, with a Tivy, Tivy, Tan-tivy, boys.

Swiftſp. Or it matters not much if I overtake you about the Green-man, or *Eppin*; *Trainſted* may go with you perhaps; what ſaiſt thou?

Trainſt. Juſt thinking of a delicate-limb'd creature.

Bowſ. Was ever Huntſman thus drill'd by delay?

Swiftſp. I gueſs'd as much; but prethee what was the enclos'd deliver'd thee even now? 'Twas not from Madam *Jocalin*, was it?

Trainſt. Grant it ſo.

Swiftſp. How, and not impart ſuch a trifle to thy friend!

Trainſt. I muſt not, cannot.

Swiftſp. No, Sir?—

Trainſt. Not, though it ſhould render my heart moſt happy, and by thy ſelf acknowledg'd too.

Swiftſp.

Swiftſp. This ſhews unfriendly.

Trainſt. Rather unkinde in you to preſs it.

Swiftſp. That thou hadſt never been my friend; or that it were no ſin to kill thee, and force it that way from thee.

Trainſt. Recal your paſſion; I am by her commanded otherwiſe; ſee if thou dar'ſt to diſoblige her firſt.

Swiftſp. Commanded, ſaiſt thou? hang him that dares offend her: Thou't let her know I did obey moſt readily?

Trainſt. With all my heart. Come, friends, you'll ſtay a while for my ſake now?

Omn. Jock. Trainſted perverted too?

Enter Whiffler, *and* Luce, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Whiff. What a juſt Raſcal 'tis? By the languiſhment of thine eye and mine together, thou art well meit.

Luce. Pull in your Chap, Sir.

Whiff. And could'ſt not clap it and this Cheek together? That as wholeſome Ladies admire as any Paint in Town.

Luce. And were you not near making a Wench of me, think you?

Whiff. A thing of nothing, Prettyneſs, with my Complexion. To encourage thee, ſuch as are called Honeſt women hold it no ſin to lie with me.

Luce. Well, 'tis a wanton age, and every fool findes it—— You are a Gentleman of conceit, doubtleſs.

Whiff. As ever lickt honey from Lip, *Sweetface.* To tell the truth, I was engaged lately to ſome ſix Ladies, ſo precipitately too — Thou underſtand'ſt me?

Luce. To aſſure you, take this as a favour to your lower Lip. [*Strikes him.*

Whiff. 'Slid, She has hurt the very main grace of my Countenance.

Enter Breakbond.

I could finde in my heart to buſtle with thee for't, as I did with the Girl t'other day for her Virginity, though ſhe box'd me all the while. [Whiff. *and* Luce *ſtrive.*

Breakb. How, Sirrah, abuſe a Woman?

Whiff. 'Tis *Breakbond*; I could diſſolve into a Jelly me thinks---

Breakb. Thou Ague-jaw'd Raskal —

Were't

Were't not juſt to ſever thy Chaps, and ſend the Bones to a Dice-maker?

Whiff. Good Sir, for my dexterity in kiſſing, excuſe me this once.

Breakb. Kicking is too good for thee, Slave. [*Kicks him.* And mark me, if thou do'ſt but look upon a Woman with thy ſcurvy temptation henceforward —

Whiff. Spare me, and my eye ſhall not ſo much as languiſh after a woman, though ſhe cry for me.

Luce. Enough for my ſake, Sir.

Breakb. Excuſe me a little — And more, Sirrah; if a woman paſs the Street, and you think or know her to be a Wench, diſturb her if thou dar'ſt.

Whiff. By no means, Sir; I'll wait on her to her own, or her friends Lodging, moſt reſpectively.

Breakb. There's a Conſcience to be us'd to women, whether honeſt or diſhoneſt, whilſt I wear a Sword I'll juſtifie it — You have your freedom, Gentlewoman.

Luce. I thank you, Sir.

Whiff. To be more ſincerely friends, do you want money, Mr. *Breakbond?*

Breakb. Not of thine, thou art to mean a fellow to lend it me; Abuſe a creature of her Sex! be gone immediately.

Whiff. May I not ſo much as take my leave of her?

Breakb. Not a kiſs, without free conſent, at your peril. I may be wanted at t'other end of the Town, perhaps on ſuch an account too. [*Exit* Breakb. *and* Whiff. *ſeverally.*

Luce. A Gentleman of his worth might well tempt a lukewarm chaſtity without further motive.

Enter Pricknote *as obſerving.*

Prickn. Is it even ſo?

Luce. He comes next, and has obſerv'd, I hope.

Prickn. By the treaſures of thy eye, Mrs. *Luce*, I could not have ſuppos'd this digreſſion of thine.

Luce. Indeed, thou Pupil of ſin!

Prickn. Thy Knight, I confeſs, is moſt ſerious and vain together, conſider that.

Luce. For your ſake, ſhall I?

Prickn.

Prickn. It may not, or it may be a ſecret, ſo it be ſealed with thy Lip.

Luce. Or to come cloſer, and Ty the kiſſes after the manner of ſome Presbyters; Is't not ſo, thou motley thing of Faith and Faction?

Prickn. There may be examples, I allow; inſomuch that not long ſince one of our zealous Expounders was out three times, as his eye rov'd to catch a ſmile from ſuch another Prettineſs as thy ſelf.

Luce. What a fertile Glebe of love have ſome illegal beliefs! I ever thought it----
Do you ſee who's coming?

Prickn. The Knight; once more commiſerate my kinde Miſtriſs.

Enter Sir Ralph Nonſuch.

Luce. Or I'll adviſe him to ſend your Genitals to *Geneva.*
There's ſcarce a Sectary comes ſo near Heaven as a Moral Eunuch amounts to.

Prickn. Diſpenſe with me yet.

Luce. He's ſerious at preſent.

Prickn. Let me take liberty to lie once more, though I endanger my Exhibition.

Luce. You may, or ſteal, I ſuppoſe you are nimble finger'd?
Now to obſerve---- [Luce *obſcures.*

Nonſuch. How do'ſt approve my *Luce, Iſaac?*

Prickn. Shall I enter her in my Note-book, Sir?

Nonſuch. She's young, and may have ſome Gayeties as are incident to moſt Beauties; but let me tell thee, ſhe is of ſuch a delicious ſobriety withal, as may teach the gravity of a ſeparate Aſſembly.

Prickn. Not to be doubted, Sir.

Nonſuch. Or do'ſt think there's any ſolid danger in ſuch of thy Sect as are call'd *Prickear'd?* the word methinks has much of erection in't.

Prickn. Or an extraordinary buſineſs of now and then a Member: according to your worſhipful allowance of ſerious and vain together.

Nonſuch. There I am with thee, *Pricknote.*
And did ſhe not, as I may ſay, warm thee ſomething, ha! thou know'ſt I am content ſhe ſhould be admir'd. *Luce.*

Luce. This is coming to my business. [Luce *within.*

Prickn. She has Multiplication in her looks, doubtless, or such a dazling of sense, that I was fain to drink her health in a quart of cold Water with a hot-headed Anabaptist of my acquaintance.

Luce. This fellow is no zealous Lyar—— [Luce *within.*

Nonsuch. I commend thy respect and care; and let me tell thee with secrecy, *Pricknote*, that I have some Intentions to have her appear naked; and so read a Lecture of my composing, from her Eye-brows to the extremity of her Waste; were not this a grave and delicious verbosity, think'st thou?

Prickn. Above measure, Sir. [Luce *appears.*

Luce. Would you so, Sir?---- Or shall I expend your compositions, Knight, with your *Prick-knave* here?

Nonsuch. Nay, thou art to blame, *Luce*--- Nothing but an Invention of mine, to admire thy Capacities.

Luce. You are a Sir *Ralph*, I confess; or a Gentleman of as deep a reach somewhere as most now extant.

Nonsuch. But to be severe, *Luce*, and against my vanity too!

Prickn. By my sincerity, you should dispense, Mistris.

Luce. Take that, Sirrah; you have an Itch, I perceive.

[*Kicks him.*

Prickn. 'Tis seasonable to withdraw, though I cannot repent.

[*Exit* Pricknote.

Luce. And next dilate with what gravity you would have attack'd my Virginity.

Nonsuch. Yet again, *Luce!*

Luce. Or, declare how you purposely lie in of the Gout to plot for Preferment; Is not this to be serious and vain at once, Sir?

Nonsuch. She'll ruine my pretensions — Do'st hear, *Luce*, I know thou'rt kinde, exceeding kinde.

Luce. 'Tis very possible.

Nonsuch. But I have not oblig'd thee enough; love me, and take what Gold thou wilt: I had almost forgot thy Velvet-gown; or it may be thou would'st take the Air, command my Coach at thy pleasure.

Luce. You have given me commission, and I'll improve it.

[*Exit* Luce.

Nonsuch. Thus it must be, when wise men cannot live without Love.

But there are a thouſand Intrigues in Women, as well as in State, and ſomewhat more diverſly capacitated; there's no avoiding —

Enter Quickthrift.

Quickth. So ſerious, Knight!

Nonſuch. I have told your Ladiſhip, that there's a certain mixture in all things.

Quickth. True, and I have found it in my Lawyer.

Nonſuch. 'Tis not impoſſible: I have juſt now a Conſidering-cap to put on, upon a deep account; you'll excuſe me, Madam?

[*Exit* Nonſuch.

Enter Plodwel *new dreſſed.*

Quickth. Do you know Mr. *Plodwel*, Sir?

Plod. I hope I do.

Quickth. And ſo fine on the ſuddain, a Sword by your ſide too!

Plod. And dare uſe it juſtly.

Quickth. A valiant piece of Juſtice; you may do wonders on the Bench hereafter; It may be hang to a Priſoner, as ſome have been talk'd on.

Plod. There's nothing on me that I conceive is unbecoming the perſon which I own; your judgement, Lady.

Quickth. Then I perceive you can ſpend money on your ſelf.

Plod. Yes, and more, as does become a Gentleman. I know no Bar from Birth or Cuſtome that forbids a comely uſe of Clothes and Manners, what e're you may command.

Quickth. But have a care how you clap too many Fees on your Back; (as ſome raw ones of your Profeſſion are prone to) the Times are wiſe and ſaving, at leaſt not ſo frequently litigious as heretofore, when long eaſe and contention devour'd mens Eſtates.

Plod. I have conſider'd fully, Lady.

Quickth. To cozen me in your ſelf: Alas, I expected an ordinary Sute of Clothes, a few Shirts, Night-caps, with two or three Folio's, things that ſuffice very celebrated of the Long Robe, might have oblig'd you; or do you intend to ſet up for a Wit like ſome of our ſprucer ſort of Gallants?

Plod. I'll ſtudy to finde ſome at your ſervice.

Quickth. But there are few profeſſions that afford it: Perhaps, there's

there's here and there a Gentleman, that can paſs a Repartee, or pretend to write a Play, though they — not ſeldome lament the fate on't ſix moneths after.

Plod. A Head-ake to purpoſe.

Quickth. Or I'll take it for granted, that you are ſo modiſh as to drink. It may be, troubleſome in't too---- Let me conſider, three hundred a year I expect ſhall be added to my former demand.

Plod. I am oblig'd to deal worthily with you, and cannot do handſomer than to make it your acquaintance.

Quickth. Speak it, Sir.

Plod. I may have inclinations, Lady.

Quickth. To ſome other, I ſuppoſe.

Plod. You are right, Madam; a Gentleman I lately heard on, one that in part aſſures my Addreſs to her, of beauty too; and what is more, has an eſteem for uſeful Science, ſuch as I preſume to call my Studies; nor is addicted to that Thrift or Pride, which ſome may conſtrue yours: A Genius I might wiſh to embrace with mine.

Quickth. Is't come to this?

Plod. And ſomething more, Lady; I finde you have a flaw in your Fortune.

Quickth. But not to be fil'd off at your Bar, I conceive. Yet I remember ſomething---- [*Aſide.*

Plod. I have done, Lady. [*Offers to go.*

Quickth. And can you leave me thus?

Plod. If't be your fate, there's no remedy.

Quickth. But to quit a Gentlewoman in ſo intricate a faſhion---

Plod. You thought I wanted Brains too, though my name be *Plodwel.*

Quickth. It may be one that loves you too.

Plod. Or a proud covetous kindeneſs — But no matter--- What think you of coming now towards me, Lady? you have ſome thouſands that may be better inſpected.

Quickth. I finde I am touch'd — [*Aſide.*

Plod. You may ſuppoſe I am in haſte. [*Exit* Plodwel.

Quickth. There's a puniſhment due to my temper; and 'tis odds I may feel it, the worſt way too. Your ſervant, Madam.

Enter Clevly, Paſſal, *and* Maldrin.

I conceive you're buſie. [*Exit* Quickthrift.

Clev. She ſeem'd concern'd.

Mald. As Lovers will be.

Paſſ. There's a pleaſant depth in Love that's hard to fathom.

Clev. Not reach my ſenſe yet!

Paſſ. Would I might try, Lady.

Clev. Souldiers, and Gentlemen, I conceive you both; yet not able to oblige a woman to perform one handſome action?

Mald. 'Tis in your power to command us, Madam.

Clev. Your Manhood, 'tis like: If not, conſequently expect that I ſhould engage you to hector or fight one another after the new mode, or ſuitable to the diverſe concern of Honour and Kindneſs with ſome Ladies; though it has added ſo little to their eſteem, that the world has conſter'd ſuch Hero's of theirs as ſome detriment to their reputation afterwards---- I conceive you are friends, and no leſs gladly allow it, as I obſerve you both.

Paſſ. Or your eye, as 'tis quick enough, may be ſo propenſe to your inclination, as to make pathetically your own election: me thinks you might beam more directly towards ſome body, Lady---but as you pleaſe.

Clev. My Choice, mean you? I know 'tis enough in my power to determine that without your Counſel, Sir; a taking of one ſix pence inſtead of t'other is not more facile: Or is not my Garb and Meen attractive enough to deſerve what I require? or I ſuppoſe you finde ſome fault.

Paſſ. and *Mald.* You are all perfection——

Clev. It may be too you'd prove it after ſuch a way that humanity does leſs admire than bluſh at: by my life, Gentlemen, I ſhould be loth to give a Man-childe being after your rate of Courtſhip.

Paſſ. Would I might endeavour the cloſe experiment but with half your will, Dame *Haughty*. [*Aſide.*

Mald. Or grant it to be, which of us ſhall deviſe a way that you may appear to us and the world more excellent?

Clev. You have hit me, Sir.

Mald. I hope I ſhall do, Lady.

Paſſ. May not we take liberty to laugh at one another a while before we attain this warm ſcruple?

Clev. With all my heart, or I'll ſmile with you, till when I judge

judge that neither of you know how to command me worthily; and ſo Adieu. *Ex.* Clev.

Mald. Is it not juſt that I ſhould now blame my ſevere fate in all kinds?

Paſſ. And ſo be angry with thy Miſtriſs, and the times together; ſhould ſhe poſe me thus a twelvemonth, I could almoſt forgive thinking for her ſake, 'tis ſo generous.

Enter Jocalin *in a Riding habit, and her Waiter.*

Mald. Here's Madam *Jocalin*, but we are otherwiſe diſpos'd then for her Mirth at this time.

Paſſ. Thought, work thy will.

Jocal. Let Madam *Clevely* know I'll wait on her on horſeback, to take the ayr this afternoon.

Enter Swiftſpur *and* Bowſer.

Bowſ. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exit Waiter.*

Jocal. He's here.

Bowſ. Yet more delays?

Swift. Thou may'ſt allow ſome Remora's to love, *Bowſer.*

Bowſ. Since 'tis thus, I'll obſerve your ſport a little.

[Bowſer *obſcures.*

Swift. You perceive this glove, Lady.

Jocal. You'd beſt kiſs my hand, and call it mine.

Swift. I do, and heartily.

Jocal. And what next?

Swift. Methinks you might begin a little, Lady.

Jocal. And tell you of your Gray Mare, ſhall I?

Swift. By my love, ſhe affects riding, I ſee it by her dreſs too; had I *Pegaſus*, I would preſent him to you, or make him an ambler purpoſely for your ſake.

Jocal. You'd carry me apace, I perceive.

Swiftſp. There's no creature of divine pleaſure but Woman: give me the looſes of Love, the very Tho-ſport of Mankinde? Is't not ſo, fair one?

Jocal. But ſtay, Sir *Hotſpur*, you and I are not ready to ſtart yet. Pray tell me, were they not Scotch Jockeys, or Divines in blew Caps, that formed the Scotch-Covenant?

Enter

Enter Trainſted.

Swiftſp. Hang 'em, Knaves, a ſort of hungry things that preach'd on Galloways twelve inches high!

Jocal. No matter what they were--- Crie you mercy, Mr. *Trainſted*; have you obſerv'd my deſires, Sir?

Trainſt. Yes, punctually, Madam.

Jocal. May I take your word? or let me ſee it: [*Gives her the Letter.*] I underſtand that you Gentlemen-jockies can lie intolerably, lay two to one on this ſide, and three to one o'th' other; perhaps ſwear they never ſaw the Horſe which they have bought, match'd, and tri'd.

Trainſt. Men of pleaſure may be diſpens'd with ſomething.

Jocal. By your leave, Sir, I forgot I was in haſte.

Trainſt. She'll not take her kindneſs back in what ſhe gave me. My ſpleen labours to think on't.

Swiftſp. I hope ſo; nay, but retard a ſpace, Lady: thou can'ſt not be ſo unkinde to take Horſe without me.

Jocal. As for your friend here, I ſee he has been obſervant: perhaps has kiſs'd what this may poſſibly contain.

Trainſt. I did, with all my heart.

Jocal. I take it kindely; and return it thus ——

[*Kiſſes the inclos'd, and gives it* Trainſt.

My Injunction's yet in force.

Swiftſp. I am gone again.

Jocal. You claim a favour, Sir; and though a ſlight one, I gueſs you judge it was too real to be dropt by chance —— I'll ſay no more.

Swiftſp. Prove me, and rather than I'll fail thy ſervice, I'll pay my forfeits, and renounce the jolly ſport of Racing for ever.

Jocal. Now I conclude you diſſemble.

Swiftſp. Confide, and thou ſhalt finde me a Rider to purpoſe: If this take not with Female Fleſh and Blood, what can?

Jocal. Your breeding's courſe, I had almoſt forgot it. [*Exit* Jocal.

Bowſer *appears.*

Bowſ. Which on you will lay ſix to four on the beſt choice now? Let me die without hearing the chearful Muſick of Hounds, if I would not ſooner truſt a Countrey Milk-maid than the moſt delicate complexion of any She this City moſt celebrates.

Swiftſp. So ſevere in thy reflections, *Bowſer!*

Bowſ.

Bowſ. Did not I tell you of this Twittle-twattle amorous hindrance? As ſure as there are old Women, the Hare I hunted laſt was a metamorphis'd Witch, I am ſo croſs'd in my humour.

Swiftſp. Well, Love, thou art an odde trifle as ever had to do with the lower Region of Providence: How fares thy Spleen now?

Trainſt. A little indiſpos'd, but 'tis vaniſhing.

Bowſ. Hold up thy Spirit, *Trainſted*, if but to afflict him; I begin to be unmerciful to his Pauſes.

Swiftſp. She has perplex'd us both: what think'ſt if thou and I outdo *Leander*, and drown our ſelves purpoſely in the *Thames* before her dreſſing-window? I care not if on Horſeback too. 'Tis odds, when both are dead, but ſhe may pity one of us.

Trainſt. My flame is not ſo immoderate, I thank you.

Swiftſp. Or ſhould I do't alone, thou'dſt bear me company.

Bowſ. When I do, may I turn Otter, and hunt fiſh under water too.

Swiftſp. Or, what is worſe, let's vow never more to ſee *Newmarket.*

Trainſt. Worſe than all miſchiefs.

Bowſ. Or more than ten thouſand miſchiefs: let me clap thee on the Back for this reſolve however —
You may proceed, Sir.

Swiftſp. I muſt, but know not how.

Trainſted *and* Bowſer *go off together.*

The end of the Fourth ACT.

A C T the Laſt.

Enter Sir Ralph Nonſuch, Pricknote, *and* Servant.

Nonſuch. LEt me hear thee firſt — Not found yet —

Serv. Nor like to be, Sir; beſides five hundred Guineys ſhe has taken with her to bear her charges.

Nonſuch.

Nonſuch. That a man of knowledge ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to loſe his love and his money at once!

Serv. Nothing more familiar, Sir, with ſome Females, than to be paid by one, and ſport with more.

Nonſuch. Yet ſhe's a Dove, I confeſs, in ſome ſenſe.

Serv. But no clipping of her Wings from flying, I ever thought it.

Nonſuch. Leave me? what ſaiſt thou, *Prickno te.* [*Exit* Serv.

Prickn. Mrs. *Luce* may return, or ſhe may not.
There's no other conſtruction to be made of womans deſire.

Nonſuch. Thou didſt adviſe her.

Prickn. Yes, Sir, and would have prick'd ſuch an impreſſion of mine beſides in her Table-book, Heaven bleſs the Gentlewoman, ſhe's a fair one.

Nonſuch. I do not conceive thee well.

Prickn. The more's my grief, ſhe did not: I aſſure your Worſhip I whiſper'd to her as ſincere a Concupiſcence as was ever convey'd at repetition.

Nonſuch. My tender Conſcienc'd *Iſaac!*

Prickn. Tenderly inclin'd indeed, Sir; but ſhe's youthful, and may be inſtructed.

Nonſuch. Thou bid'ſt me hope; and now I think on't, I remember a ſprightly Zealot that had juſt ſuch another caſt with her eye, 'twas ſuch a manner of being ſerious and pleaſant together!

Enter Luce.

Prickn. Moſt allowable, Sir.

Luce. Thanks, kinde *Iſaac.*

Prickn. As much as you pleaſe in ſecret, Miſtriſs.

Luce. And you, Knight, with your formal Amour, do you think to detain me here, till I come to be the diſcourſe of the ſtreet and Conſtable?

Nonſuch. This heat with me, *Luce?*

Luce. Or elſe ſee the next Bawdy Court to continue your Capacity: Is this your politique dealing with ſuch fleſh and blood as mine is? As I write Gentlewoman, I could find in my heart to hire ſome Hector to chaſtiſe your luſtineſs.

Nonſuch. But didſt thou not make me hope you would ſoberly Cajole my delight, *Luce?*

Luce.

Luce. And hope it if you pleaſe ſtill, Sir.

Nonſuch. As big as I am, were I all Gold, I think I could yield to be coyn'd into Guineys for thy ſake.

Luce. Yet could be content to make your enquiry after me, and by this your Prick-knave too.

Prickn. Let me ſave you the endeavor of making me diſhoneſt, I beſeech you.

Luce. Do ſo then — And next Sir Amorous, I add not fool, and Knave — here's your Money, you may take it, Sir, I'll only whiſper a few of your Luxuries and Politiques into ſome ears —

Nonſuch. Not for a world, *Luce* — Hark thee, upon the word of a cautious Sinner, I'll rather give thee a Thouſand pound more to hold thy peace, though thou leav'ſt me for ever.

Luce. The very Bargain I hop't to make: Farewell Sir. — Theſe ſumms put together may poſſibly produce a convenient honeſty. [*Exit* Luce.

Nonſuch. There's nothing more hard than to be wiſe and wanton together — there may be diſcredit too.

Prickn. Were it not for the Emulſion to fleſh and blood in being of a publick factious Spirit, I might pitty your infirmity.

Nonſuch. However, I will pretend gravely, or fret againſt the times, out of vexation and loſs I have vainly given my ſelf.

Prickn. Or I'll proteſt you are more deeply diligent in the ſervice of Diſſenters; you may yet be held worthy to purchaſe ſome capacity.

Nonſuch. Let me have thy Counſel, *Pricknote.*

Prickn. You ſhall, Sir — In the mean time I had almoſt forgot where the Silver Plate ſtands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Whiffler, *with three Bayliffs pulling of him.*

Whiff. Patience, patience, Gentlemen, you'll ſo diſorder my dreſs elſe! —

1 *Bayl.* We muſt make bold to take your perſon for pawn a while. We Bailiffs are like ſome Birds of prey, when we light on any of your Feather, though we do not eat 'em, we plume 'em to purpoſe.

Whiff. No pity on my fine Face!

2 *Bayl.* 'Tis ſomewhat extraordinarily engag'd for your Milk-waſhes to your Butter-woman.

3 *Bayl.* I'll be bold with your Perriwig in behalf of your Barber.

1 *Bayl.* You had as good beſtow your Coat in part of ſatisfaction of your Tailor too.

Whiff. Take this Money too, and let me be gone half naked.

2 *Bayl.* 'Twere ſomewhat too much.

1 *Bayl.* Not if he give theſe things freely for our extraordinary attendance.

Enter Breakbond.

Whiff. Should any of my Ladies ſee me thus——

1 *Bayl.* We'll keep your counſel, ſo you'll be worth us ſomething more for that.

Breakb. Who have you here, Lads?

1 *Bayl.* A Gentleman that lives under the Law, but does not care to pay Money.

Breakb. Is that all? I do as much my ſelf; though I give, I as ſeldom pay as moſt men living.

1 *Bayl.* You have taught us to know it, Sir.

Breakb. Whiffler, I had almoſt forgot thy Countenance; do your office, friends; he is not deſerving enough of Mankinde to violate the Law.

1 *Bayl.* We thank you, Sir; and when ever a Writ comes to us againſt you, we'll caſt it into the fire without preſuming to ſhew it you.

Breakb. Except at the ſuit of a Woman, and under forty too, conceive me—— in that caſe I'll ſee it paid. [*Offers to go out.*

Omn. Bayl. You may command us, Sir.

Whiff. Favour me ſomething, though you borrow more money of me in ſpite of my teeth.

Breakb. Or, now I think on't, you may let him have his Clothes again; and for the reſt, take his word till to morrow, he'll make it good.

2 *Bayl.* On yours, Sir?

Breakb. Yes, on mine, Sirrah; if I break my Bond, I am a Gentleman if I promiſe.

2 *Bayl.* Cry you mercy, Sir—— There's no daring of his Anger. [*Exit* Breakbond.

1 *Bayl.* You ſee what 'tis when ſuch fine Gentlemen as you can pay money, and will not without this trouble. *Whiff.*

Whiff. Well, I'll hide my ſelf for a time, or go into the Countrey, and try whether I can make love to Dairy-maids.
This is ſome comfort to a Skin that is too fine to be ſeaſon'd with cold. [*Has his Clothes deliver'd. Exit.* Whiff.

Enter Pricknote, *with two ſilver Tankards under his Arms.*

1 *Bayl.* What ſlie fellow's that? we'll venture to ſtay him in behalf of the Conſtable.----- Who, *Iſaac Pricknote*, the very'ſt Knave in all the Borough of *Southwark!*

Prickn. Excuſe me, I have ſtrict occaſion----

2 *Bayl.* There's ſomething under his Arm.

Prickn. Nothing but a Cawdle I am to convey to a friend.
[*They ſearch under one Arm.*

1 *Bayl.* You may keep your Cawdle when you have it, but we'll ſeize on this piece of Plate.

2 *Bayl.* Sir *Ralph Nonſuch*'s name on't too.

3 *Bayl.* What if 'twere ſaid we found it by chance?

Prickn. With all ſincerity you may.

1 *Bayl.* Some Roguery, but no theft, brother Catchpole.

3 *Bayl.* We'll ſearch him again---- There will be a reward from the Knight to us however. [*They ſearch him again.*

1 *Bayl.* T'other piece of Plate too! You muſt before the next Juſtice. He deſerves to be hang'd twice, if poſſible.

Prickn. No pity for the tranſgreſſion of a Zealot!

1 *Bayl.* Away with him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Breakbond *at one Door, and* Plodwel *at another.*

Breakb. Worthy diſpoſer of Writs and Parchment, well met.

Plod. I thank you, Sir.

Breakb. Thou honour'ſt thy profeſſion in thy eſteem of Women; there's no ſuch mine and thine, that Mortality has to do with; go on and proſper.

Plod. I conceive you, Sir.

Breakb. And more, I will pardon the Law, though ſomewhat a crabbed method of generous Education, for thy ſake — farewel. One word more; I finde thou art a Gentleman, and when thou haſt a minde to Dice or Drink, I'll forward thy ingenuity that way too: And now to finde the gang of Pleaſure with *Swiftſpur.*
[*Exit* Breakbond.

Enter Quickthrift.

Plod. An odde extravagance, but time may recal him: She's come—— You may command my obſervance, Madam.

Quickth. You told me of a truth concern'd me.

Plod. I did, and am prepar'd to make it good.

Quickth. As little frivolous, or tedious, as you pleaſe; I have heard of Chancery-bills.

Plod. Your words are too much pointed, or Womans way of reaſoning, as if they own'd their being to no other right than what they call their Beauty. What does your Sex confer to civil happineſs, more than their perſons, and their Milk to nouriſh Children? whilſt its beſt reaſon, and its ſafety's none of yours; you muſt excuſe my freedom, Lady.

Quickth. Or think me ſtill both proud and miſerable, I know your grievance.

Plod. Adde, if you pleaſe, a perſon in my ſenſe moſt lovely, joyn'd to a quick and taking ſpirit, yet even ſuch a ſoul, may like a Diamond that's ſet too narrow in the fineſt Gold, ſtraiten its luſtre. Am I right, Madam?

Quickth. Is this my buſineſs, Sir?

Plod. I have brought it, Madam. [*Gives her the Writing.* Here's a Writing will expreſs the right I have to make you mine.

Quickth. It was my dead Father's act when I was young——

Plod. And that if ever you marri'd other man, you was to pay me out of your Eſtate five thouſand pound.

Quickth. 'Tis not to be deni'd.

Plod. I have done, Lady. [*Offers to go.*

Quickth. In ſo much haſte too!

Plod. Or now I think on't, I'll wave it yet, and give you freedom to oblige ſome other choice---- I hope I have perform'd my devoir now?

Quickth. This touches home, In money too—— Well, Sir, you may be pleas'd to think you have prevail'd; I ſuppoſe on your terms and mine together I may deſerve you,

Plod. Above my wiſhes.

Enter Clevly *with* Paſſal *and* Maldrin, *at ſome diſtance.*

Clev. May I not congratulate, Lady?

Quickth. I here have own'd my happineſs.

Clev.

Clev. I rejoyce it with you, worthy *Plodwel* — My addreſſors come, we'll give 'em leave a little. [Clev. Quick. *and* Plod. *whiſper.*

Paſſ. Well, I am ſo far happy as to have done with thinking.

Mald. Could'ſt not lend a thought to help thy friend, thou conceiv'ſt me?

Paſſ. Not a Chimera, though no bigger than an Atom: It may be I may give a paſt thought for thee and my ſelf together.

Mald. Well, I begin now to vex with thee at this word Thinking.

Clev. Which of you begins? you may be free.

Mald. He that knows beſt how, Lady.

Clev. Is that all? I begin to perceive your delays unkinde.

Mald. To diſcipline a Lady of your ſenſe, and in point of love too! By my Sword, I had rather command for the *French*, though I love not their Party.

Clev. Or you may move for your ſelf and friend together, *Paſſal.*

Paſſ. I feel ſome temptation that way in ſpight of my ſpirit, but I muſt away with it---- Well, Madam, ſince 'tis your will I muſt injoyn, I hope to fit your worth and mine together----- Give me thy hand, *Maldrin*, you have my command Lady to take my friend. There's no injunction I conceive more honourable, or happineſs I ſhall impoſe on your reſpects: he'll merit moſt your worth.

Clev. A generoſity I lookt for.

Paſſ. Braine, I thank thee.

Mald. I fear too great for me to own; I have ſeen ſome handſome actions in the world, but few can equal this in Friendſhip----- I muſt return her to your hand: I had your leave to impoſe, Madam, as well as he.

Paſſ. A thred-bare Method us'd in Plays; Thou ne're could'ſt leſs deſerve my friendſhip. The offer is enough to make me angry, is't not, Lady?

Clev. A *Paſſal* indeed; and muſt be, next your Obligation, my firſt of friends; you'll give me leave to aſſure it, Sir?

Mald. Above my own and your expreſſion.

Paſſ. No ſuch Thinking neither; remember I finde not that your fault again, *Maldrin.*

Mald. I warrant you.

Clev.

Clev. He'll grant it for my ſake.

Mald. You have abundantly oblig'd me.

Clev. And next to quit that ſawcie thing call'd publick Merit, there will be much that falls below deſert, though in the beſt and wiſeſt Governments: My love and fortune ſhall oblige it.

Quickth. Now I may bid you happy.

Plod. This day ſtands fair to all our wiſhes.

Clev. Let's finde *Jocalin.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jockies *at ſeveral Doors.*

1 *Jock.* O Horſemen, Horſemen!

2 *Jock.* What's the matter?

1 *Jock.* The heavieſt tydings; I ſaw our own *Swiftſpur* lean with his Hat on his Eyes at a Tables end: if I forget not, booted too.

3 *Jock.* Who could have thought it in him?

1 *Jock.* He's Love-ſick, 'tis certain. And for Mr. *Trainſted*, what his ſpleen may produce, Heaven knows: at preſent it ſeems with him worſe than in a hot ſeaſon that admits not to give his Courſes their due exerciſe.

2 *Jock.* Might *Cupid* be ſo kinde as to diſpatch one of his Bolts to this jolly Miſtriſs of theirs, I care not much which of them were his Deputy.

1 *Jock.* But as for my *Beſs*, my lovely brown *Beſs*, that kiſs'd me ſo often betwixt the ſips of Ale and Apples, and look'd more red than the beſt ruby ſtreaks of a Gillyflower, how could I hug her in conceit!

2 *Jock.* May not I do as much, think'ſt thou, for a buckſome *Kate* of my acquaintance?

3 *Jock.* Notwithſtanding ſhe lives, as I gueſs, at the ſigne of the No-maidenhead ſomewhere. 'Tis odds but our Fellow-riders may take wrong Forfeitures for ſome of our abſence.

4 *Jock.* If not ſwear that moſt of us are ſo drily in love, as to engage our Field-ſpirits with City-chamber-maids; I could burn my Whip to think on't.

Enter Trainſted *and* Jocalin.

5 *Jock.* Here comes *Trainſted*, and has her by the hand already; 'tis fit we attend. [*The* Jockies *obſerve, and whiſper.*

Jocal.

Jocal. Your Obligements I need not further preſs; they may anſwer my expectation fully.

Trainſt. And ſhall, Madam.

Jocal. May I take your word?

Trainſt. And deed too; you cannot command any thing on your account, but I'll moſt readily embrace.

Jocal. This heightens to my end.

1 *Jock.* She ſpeaks of ending: I wiſh her a kiſs extraordinary for't.

Enter Swiftſpur.

Jocal. Obſerve my Face once more; and next, are you ſure my beſt reſemblance ſits your kindeſt welcome?

Trainſt. I vow it does.

Jocal. 'Tis granted then.

Swiftſp. Granted, ſays ſhe?

Jocal. Yes, *Swiftſpur*; nor ought you to repine, if I ſhould give to him more than due modeſty can claim to be my own deſert; do you underſtand me yet?

Swiftſp. I underſtand too much, thou ſmooth-fac'd intricacy.

Jocal. Then I'll unfold my ſelf — Give me the incloſed, Sir, I ſee 'tis yet unopen'd. [*Trainſt. delivers it.*

Trainſt. 'Twas your command it ſhould.

Jocal. Behold this Figure; is't not well limb'd?

Trainſt. But in my eye ſhould be ſhort of the Original.

Jocal. Thy expreſſion well deſerves it — I dare beſtow it thus before you, Sir.

Enter Bowſer.

Swiftſp. Ha, her Picture given him too!
My heart, I feel it ſink too low to aid my feet. [*Falls and faints.*

1 *Jock.* O, Mr. *Bowſer*, what will become of our Darling *Swiftſpur*?

Bowſ. Does he lie there?

1 *Jock.* Yes, and ſtruck down merely by the breath of this Lady too!
Good Gentleman, he ſhould have tri'd to have blown her down firſt.

Jocal. I dare venture him; I ſcarce read of any of his Sex that ever di'd for love but in a Romance. *Bowſ.*

Bows. Beſt of all, Lady: And if dead, 'tis no matter; he may be afterwards flung into the *Thames*; he talk'd of cooling his Flames, I remember. [Swiftſpur *leaps up.*

Swiftſp. I die for Love! a mere accidental qualm; did'ſt thou and I ever ſpeak of Love, Lady? What ſaiſt thou, *Trainſted?*

Enter Flora.

Jocal. I'll ſpeak for him: Obſerve this Gentlewoman, ſhe's the true Original I did intruſt you with.

Trainſt. So like your ſelf, ſhe's more than taking; I'll not impoſe further on your wiſhes.

Jocal. My Twin and onely Siſter — I dare make good her gift. What ſaiſt thou, *Flora*; his perſon thou haſt ſeen before?

Flora. Your choice is mine, you have already taught my inclinations duely to value his reſpects; I need adde nothing more.

Trainſt. You have won me in her fair affection.

Jocal. I told you it ſhould be a ſtrict and near obligement to my ſelf.

Trainſt. I am bound to accept her.

Jocal. For you, Sir, and your Gallopers, you may be in greater haſte than I'll ſuppoſe; perhaps I can as readily grant that you and I but dreamt of Love.

Swiftſp. I'll die in earneſt firſt; I know thou dar'ſt not ſuffer it. A kiſs, and ſo joyn hands.

Jocal. You are one of the eag'reſt men, and poſſible to ride poſt with me.

Swiftſp. Thou haſt me home I'faith.

Jocal. But you'll hardly reach me ſo. Let me ſee your face---- You may ſtudy the point better, or gueſs it preſently.

Swiftſp. By that eye of thine, thou Creature of mirth and wonder, there's no avoiding me.

Jocal. Then I muſt be yours it ſeems: I ever deſign'd a brief and chearful Courtſhip.

Swiftſp. What think'ſt thou of the looſes of Love I ſhall make now, *Bowſer?*

Jocal. That I'll make better if I can.

Bows. I ever thought you'd match your Wagtail before you departed.

Trainſt. We are more than Brothers now; I'll not have other Wager

Wager with thee, than which of us ſhall make the beſt Womans Rider.

Swiftſp. But 'tis odds my Boy will cry firſt for a Hobby-horſe; he'll ſoon have an inclination to ride aſtride, I can tell thee.

Trainſt. You are pleaſant.

Swiftſp. Jocalin, beſtow your hand on theſe, they are faithful Jockies, and love to win heartily—— [*They kiſs her hand.*

2 *Jock.* Or if ſhe pleaſe, I'll begin below, and ſo kiſs upwards, as I rejoyce your happineſs.

Enter Clevly *led by* Maldrin, Quickthrift *by* Plodwel, Paſſal *after.*

Clev. Trainſted joyn'd to your Siſter *Flora?*

Jocal. He is, Madam.

Trainſt. And by this kinde Lady's Artifice, I thank her.

Swiftſp. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am yours: You'll all be for *Newmarket* now. I am the man to bid you welcome.

Clev. With all our hearts.

Plod. What ſay you, Lady? becoming pleaſure I dare own with ſuch good Company.

Quickth. What you think fit, Sir.

Swiftſp. Thy judgement may compoſe ſome Articles amongſt us there.

Plod. If not too intricate.

Bowſ. Or ſuch of the nicer ſort that are full of Diſpute and little Reaſon.

Plod. Your paſtimes ſhall command my aſſiſtance; I love 'em well, your Joyntures too I'll make.

Mald. By any means.

Paſſ. Plodwel, I rejoyce your happineſs; my choice is made already in my friends.

Plod. I perceive it, and judge it no leſs worthy in you both. Your part of commendation does moſt ſpeak it, Madam.

Clev. My love and eſtimation of both theſe oblig'd it.

Swiftſp. Bowſer, do'ſt not long to be afore at *Biſhops-ſtafford*, and kiſs thou know'ſt who, at the Rain-deer, in thine and my behalf?

Bowſ. I'll have none of your cold ſcents, I thank you.

Swiftſp. Perhaps we'll dine there; but no Maiden-head to be won but at *Newmarket.*

Omn. Jock. Agreed, agreed, agreed. [*Fling up their caps.*

Enter Breakbond.

Paſſ. Thou wer't wanted, *Breakbond.*

Mald. To thy Men and Women-friends.

Swiftſp. and *Trainſt.* And to thy *Newmarket*-friends.

Breakb. As I honour Women and Mirth, I could not help it. No leſs than a dozen pretty rogues look'd out of Windows two ſtories high to ſtay my coming to you: 'tis ſuch a neceſſitous loving world!

Paſſ. And will be always ſo with thee.

Breakb. Beſides a buſineſs of ſome importance with the next Conſtable.

Mald. Not for aſſaulting him and his Watch, I hope.

Breakb. I have had cauſe, but I leave that diſorder to ſuch as dare onely fight when they're drunk.

Plod. And pay for the offence when they are ſober.

Mald. And fit they ſhould.

Breakb. To be ſhort, with a few good words and more Silver, I have reduc'd that legal ſort of Knave to ſo much Conſcience, as not to moleſt the King's loving Subjects of Men and Women: Or to think that at one, two, or three a Clock in the Morning they may not have their Congreſſions without his leave, or a ſhilling for him and his Watch to drink. I have ſome thought to make my Applications to Juſtices of the Peace to the ſame purpoſe. 'Tis ſuch a crime to nature to think that Mankinde ſhould live and love orderly——

I had almoſt forgot you, Ladies.

Swiftſp. Well, thou haſt a pleaſant way of Raillerie.

Trainſt. He ſhall wager on our ſide—— What think'ſt thou, *Bowſer?*

Bowſ. I would I were rid of this trifling, leſt I be ſo far debauch'd as to conceive that there is other ingenious diſcourſe than of Hounds and Horſes.

Cleav. Thou art a wilde one, but time has alter'd ſome.

Breakb. Or let it ruine me beyond the imbecillity of ten Ages of gray Hairs, provided I might but live to behold no fading in your Sex, 'twere ſuch an Autumn to my Genius.

Omn. Ladies. Now you oblige us all.

Jocal.

Jocal. Or we'll commend you to a fair one.

Breakb. Marry, Ladyes, it may be if I live to be old in ſpight of my humour, or when I am good for little more than to retire, perhaps I'll ask a Licenſe of Womankinde, and eſpouſe one.

Quickth. We'll hope it ſooner for your ſake.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sir *Ralph Nonſuch* deſires your excuſe, being a little indiſpos'd at preſent.

Clev. Perhaps with the fond conceit of his Politicks.

Plod. 'Tis not unuſual with him.

Serv. Beſides ſome diſaſter within the compaſs of his moſt private Circle. [*Exit* Servant.

Jocal. In ſpight of his prudence too, what a ſmile does he deſerve!

Mald. But even now I underſtood it: No leſs than his fine Miſs departed with ſome hundreds of his Guineys, together with ſome Plate of his embez'led by a thieving Separatiſt of his acquaintance.

Paſſ. 'Tis odds but he'll come to thee for counſel, *Plodwel.* There's no maintaining Suit, did not Fools and Knaves make up the greateſt number of Contenders.

Plod. The very diſhonour of ſo noble a Science as Law and its Profeſſors.

Paſſ. God-a-mercy worthy Pleader — You are happy now indeed, Lady.

Quickth. I grant it fully.

Swiftſp. Some mirth at *London* firſt — Here's Muſick waits us.

Swiftſp. Let's kiſs, and next to Horſe. [*They dance.*

[*The Dance is ended.*

Trainſt. I'll ſee thee well mounted, *Breakbond*; thy mirth deſerves reſpect.

Breakb. I have been often, I thank ſome kindneſs, though I ſcarce had ever yet Horſe of my own: There's a certain kinde of Providence in living well, men know not how.

Swiftſp. *Bowſer*, thou ſhalt lead the Road; we'll ride, laugh, talk, alight, and what you pleaſe, Ladies —

'Tis time our Pleaſures haſten on their way;
Who loves *Newmaket*, will clap hands to day.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. BAKER.

MY Part was Mirth, and Jocund, as you ſee,
I bring the Epilogue along with me.
And I have been, as I preſume you'll ſay,
As merry as moſt Ladies in a Play;
And 'tis loves Mirth beſt ſuits the Comick way.
Nor doubt I, Ladies, but 'tis known to you,
That ſome Newmarket-*lads are Lovers too.*
Men that quick pleaſures ſwiftly can imploy,
Moſt Women graut their ſpeed, their love enjoy.
Wit they pretend to, as you Gallants do,
Who, though call'd Wits, like them loſe money too.
Yet know in Matches no ſuch booty way's,
As they who here cry up or damn our Play's.
Then Criticks have a care what you commit,
Leſt here our Jackeys with you wager Wit.
They know your ſtingy ſlights, and how inclin'd,
And what to Crony Poets is deſign'd;
Whilſt this our Author does by me afford
Not ſo much for his Play as one kinde word.
Or tells you that his Scenes or Wit are new,
Which ſome, that boaſt much wit, want wit to ſhew.
We for a Play ſuch Wits did all approve,
Got little Money, we playd all for Love.

FINIS.